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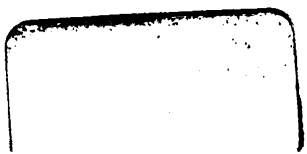


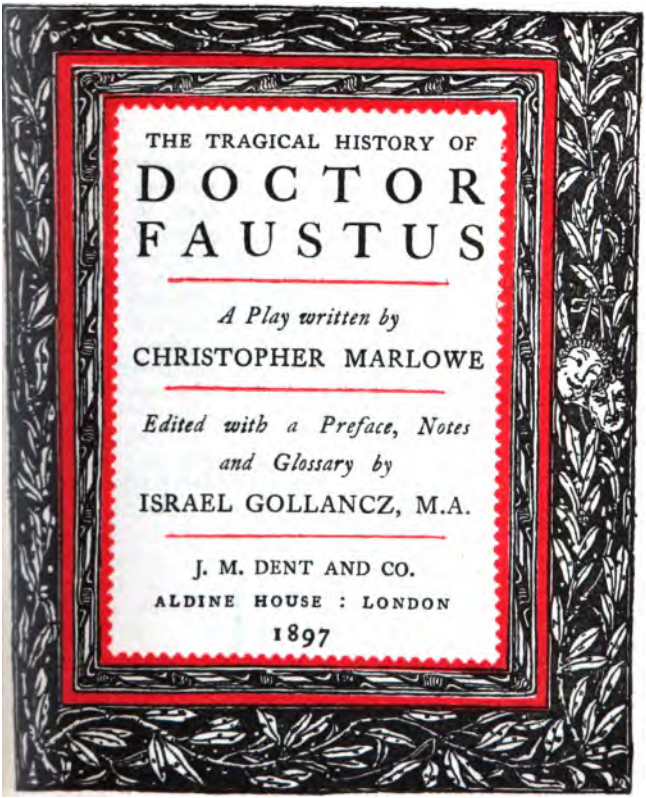
THE TEMPLE DRAMATISTS

Marlowe's DR. FAUSTUS

Doctor Faustus.
after Rembrandt.

[illegible] HISTORY OF

[illegible]CTOR [illegible]STUS


THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF
DOCTOR FAUSTUS
A Play written by
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE
Edited with a Preface, Notes and Glossary by
ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.
J. M. DENT AND CO.
ALDINE HOUSE : LONDON
1897

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V A

Faustus is therefore a parable of the impotent yearnings of the Middle Ages—its passionate aspiration, its conscience-stricken desire, its fettered curiosity amid the cramping limits of imperfect knowledge, and irrational dogmatism. The indestructible beauty of Greek art, whereof Helen was the emblem, became, through the discovery of classic poetry and sculpture, the possession of the modern world. Mediævalism took this Helen to wife, and their offspring, the Euphorion of Goethe's drama, is the spirit of the modern world.'

J. A. SYMONDS,
Renaissance in Italy, ii. p. 54.

PREFACE

Early Editions. The earliest extant edition of Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* bears the following title-page:—'The | Tragicall History of D. Faustus. | As it hath bene Acted by the Right | Hono-rable the Earle of Nottingham his seruants. Written by Ch. Marl. | London. | Printed by V. S. for Thomas Bushell. 1604.'

The only known copy of this edition is to be found among Malone's books in the Bodleian Library.

Similarly, the Hamburg Public Library possesses the only extant copy of the second edition, a reprint of the first, issued in 1609, 'imprinted at London by G. E. for John Wright, and are to be sold at Christ-church Gate.'

A third edition was in all probability published in 1611, but no copy has hitherto been discovered, although it is known that Heber possessed a copy of this issue.[1] It would seem that the edition was a reprint of the earlier quarto of 1609.

The fourth edition, published in 1616, differs in many important respects from the former quartos: it contains entirely new scenes and episodes, as well as different recensions of scenes and passages. Its title-page is as follows:—'The Tragicall History | of the Life and Death | of Doctor Faustus. | Written by Ch. Marl. | (Vignette.) | London, | Printed for John

[1] *Cf.* Breymann, p. xi.

Wright, and are to be sold at his shop | with-out Newgate, | at the signe of the | Bible, 1616.' A copy of this quarto is to be found in the British Museum. Quartos agreeing substantially with the text of this edition appeared in 1619, 1620, 1624, and 1631.

In 1663 a worthless edition was issued, 'with new additions, as it is now acted; with several new Scenes.'

The various quartos here enumerated may be divided into two main classes:—(i) the editions of 1604, 1609 (represented by A); (ii) the editions of 1616, 1619, etc. (represented by B); the *editio princeps* of each class is primarily referred to in the Notes and Glossary to present edition.

The Present Text. The play of *Doctor Faustus*, as here set forth, represents an attempt to blend the two versions of the quartos of 1604 and 1616; it follows neither the one text nor the other, but results from a 'contamination' of both. By the use of italic type for the passages borrowed from the 1616 edition, the editor has been able to differentiate the sources of the text. It cannot be hoped that the experiment has been wholly successful, but the present issue is perhaps more satisfactory than a mere reprint of any one of the quartos, with bulky appendices of the omitted or additional passages. Very little, if anything, of value has been lost in the present process; the one or two passages of worth belonging to the first edition, here replaced by the later text, will be found in the Notes at the end of the volume. The textual work has been greatly facilitated by Dr. Breymann's excellent parallel edition of the two versions (*cp.* Vollmöller's *Englische Sprach- und Litteratur-Denkmale*, No. 5).

Before entering into the relationship between the quartos, it will be necessary to consider the question of the date of composition of the play, and the source of the plot, intimately connected therewith.

Source of the Plot. In 1587 there was printed at Frankfort-on-the-Main, by Johann Spiess, the first edition of the famous '*Historia von D. Johann Fausten, dem weitbeschreityen Zauberer und Schwartzkünstler*; (*i.e.* 'the history of Dr. Johann Faust, the widely noised conjuror and master of the Black Art'); the book was twice reprinted in the same year, and three editions were issued in 1589.

Marlowe evidently founded his tragedy on an English translation of the 'History,' made in all probability in the year 1588 or early in 1589;[1] no copy of the original edition has come down to us, and no entry of it is to be found in the Stationers' Registers; the earliest extant translation bears the date 1592:—

'*The Historie of the damnable life and deserved death of Dr. John Faustus, Newly imprinted; and in convenient places imperfect matter amended: according to the true copie printed at Franckfort, and translated into English* by P. F. Gent.'[2]

[1] *Cp.* Zarncke, *Anglia*, ix. 611, etc.

[2] Thoms, in his *Early English Romances*, has printed the text of the English 'History of Faustus' from a copy of the 1626 edition; the text is not altogether satisfactory. It is impossible to determine in what respects the 1592 edition was amended. Some critics have tried to detect the influence of Marlowe's phraseology here and there in P. F's 1592 version.

In 1594 there was published '*The Second Report of Dr. John Faustus, containing his appearances, and the deeds of Wagner. Written by an English Gentleman student in Wittenberg, an University of Germany, in Saxony. Published for the delight of all those which desire novelties by a friend of the same Gentleman*' (v. Thoms, *Early Prose Romances*, iii.).

There can be no doubt that the English play was founded upon the English version, and not upon the German original: a minute comparison of the play and the 'History' establishes the fact.[1]

Date of Composition. Although no absolute evidence for the exact date of *Faustus* has as yet been discovered, it may with some degree of certainty be assigned to the year 1588-9 (before November 1589), having in all probability been written for the Lord Admiral's Company.[2] If this date be correct, the tragedy of *Doctor Faustus* was composed soon after *Tamburlaine*,—the tragedy of lust for knowledge succeeding the tragedy of lust for power. The Marlowan drama, with its idealisation of gigantic passion on a gigantic scale, could not have discovered a more congenial theme. It was indeed a happy chance, if such things may be reckoned as fortuitous, that the *Faustbuch* became intelligible to Englishmen at the very moment when Marlowe was casting about for new material.

Of the success of *Faustus* there can be no question. In February 1588-9 a '*ballad of the life and Death of Doctor Faustus the great Cungerer*' was entered in the Stationers' Registers. This ballad (probably identical with the *Ballad of Faustus* in the Roxburghe Collection) was evidently called forth by the play, though it was not founded on it, as some scholars have maintained: it was certainly based on the prose 'History.'

[1] *e.g.* In Scene v. in the contract signed by Faustus we read, 'Shall do for him and bring for him *whatsoever*'; *cp.* English translation, 1592, '*That Mephistopholis should bring him anything and do for him whatsoever.*' The original has '*Zum dritten, dass er im gefliissen, unterthänig und gehorsam seyn wollte, als ein Diener.*'

[2] *Cp.* Fleay's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 97.

A more important piece of evidence, both for the date of *Faustus* as well as for its success, may be inferred from the fact that Robert Greene's *Friar Bacon*, 1589, was obviously written in rivalry with Marlowe's tragedy[1]—the two plays being related to each other much in the same way as *Tamburlaine* and *Alphonsus*: to about the same date as *Friar Bacon* belongs the pseudo-Marlowan play *The Taming of a Shrew*, which contains some noteworthy 'borrowings' from *Faustus*.

Internal evidence, too, points to *circa* 1589 as the date of composition; *e.g.* the references to the Prince of Parma (who died in December 1592) as the persecutor of the Netherlands points to some time before the year 1590,[2] when he turned his attention to France; on the other hand, the allusion to the Antwerp bridge dates the play after 1585.

Early Stage History. Although it may be fairly assumed that *Doctor Faustus* was written *circa* 1588-9, and (from its general influence on other plays) that it was first performed about the same time, we have no record of its production on the stage before 1594; on September 30th of that year Henslowe made this entry in his *Diary*:—'*R[eceive]d at Doctor Fostose* . . . iij^{li} xij^{s}.' No earlier reference is found among

[1] It must, however, be borne in mind that Marlowe had himself noted the resemblance of Bacon to Faustus; hence *e.g.* Faustus' design to 'wall all Germany with brass'—a distinctly Baconian design for protecting England from invasion. A comparative study of the two plays, instructive from many points of view, leaves no doubt that Greene was influenced by Marlowe in many of the most striking scenes of the Baconian portions (as opposed to the love-scenes) of his play. *Cp.* Ward's *Dr. Faustus and Friar Bacon*, Herford's *Literary Relations of England and Germany*, etc.

[2] *Cp.* Dr. Alber's article in *Jahrbuch für romanische u. englische Sprache*, etc., 1876.

the entries, though the notices go back to February 1591-2. It must, however, be borne in mind that the play had in all probability been originally written for the Lord Admiral's Company, and it was not until the summer of 1594 that Henslowe became connected with the Admiral's men. It is very likely that *Faustus* had not been put on the stage between November 1589 and September 1594—that is, from the date of the order forbidding plays dealing with religious or political topics (an order 'very dutifullie obeyed' by the Lord Admiral's players),[1] until the performance referred to by Henslowe; it is noteworthy that the manager does not add a note, as was his wont, to the effect that the play was '*new*'; similarly, it should be noted that the Admiral's Company was away from England from 1591 to 1594. Some critics are inclined to the belief that *Faustus* existed only in manuscript, and had not been produced before the 1594 performance;[2] others maintain that though we possess no references to performances during the years 1589-94, it is impossible to believe in its neglect for so long a period. The existing evidence, external and internal, would, I think, lead to the conclusion that the play was put on the stage, and achieved a great though short-lived popularity before the Edict of November 1589. In 1594, when the tragic career of Marlowe, his calamitous end, and the popular stories of his irreligion and wild unrest, must have emphasised Marlowe's strange kinship with the hero of his tragedy,[3] it was natural that an enterprising manager should revive the neglected play, and it is not surprising that the profits on the occasion were unusually

[1] *Cp.* Collier's *Annals of the Stage*, i. 272.
[2] *e.g.* Breymann, pp. xxx. xxxi.
[3] *Cp.* Richard Bame's 'Note containing the opinion of one Christopher

large. To many of the audience the words of the chorus at the end of the play must have sounded as a solemn requiem to the memory of their hapless author.[1]

The original actor of the part of Faustus was evidently the famous Edward Alleyn; *cp.* Samuel Rowlands' *Knave of Clubs* (1600):—

'The gull gets on a surplis,
With a cross upon his brest,
Like Allen playing Faustus,[2]
In that manner was he drest.'

Some idea of the scenic machinery of the play may be gathered from a list in Henslowe's *Diary*, under the date of March 10, 1598, which includes among other items '*j dragon in fostes.*'

Another entry in the *Diary* gives us the more valuable information that on November 22, 1602, William Birde and Samuel Rowley were paid the sum of four pounds for 'adicyones' to *Faustus.*[3]

Marlye, concerning his damnable opinions and judgment of religion and scorn of God's word.' This paper is preserved among the Harleian MSS. (6853, fol. 320): the original title has been partly scored through with a pen, and altered as follows:—'*A Note delivered on Whitson eve last of the most horreble blasphemes uttered by Cristofer Marly who within iii dayes after came to a soden and fearfull end of his life.*' This reads like a chapter from the *Faustbuch.* On the question of Marlowe's heresies, and his imminent danger of arrest, just about the time when he was slain by Ffrancis Archer, the 1st of June 1593, *cp.* Mr. S. Lee's valuable article on Marlowe in the *Dictionary of National Biography.*

[1] *Cp.* the closing lines of Horne's drama, *The Death of Marlowe.*

[2] In an inventory of Alleyn's apparel there is a reference to 'Faustus Jerkin, his cloke.'

[3] An earlier entry, referring to 'adycions' by Thomas Dickers (*i.e.* Decker), is a modern forgery. But though the entry is valueless, Mr. Fleay is of opinion that the forger made a happy guess in assigning portions of *Faustus* to Decker.

The Quartos of 1604 and 1616. The 'adicyones' of Birde and Rowley are evidently to be found in the quarto of 1616, but the full extent of these additions cannot be absolutely determined by comparison with the earlier quartos. In many cases the reading of the later edition is to be preferred, and it is quite possible that the 1616 text has preserved some of Marlowe's revision of his own work, and correct versions of passages abridged or incorrectly printed in the earlier quarto.[1] There can be little doubt that the 1604 text does not give us the play as Marlowe left it; the reference to '*Doctor Lopus*' (xiv. 49) is enough to prove the point; in all probability it represents Henslowe's 1594 acting version. The revisers in 1602 may have had a better text to work upon (possibly the original MS.), though they certainly availed themselves of the printed copy. The problem is still further complicated by the difficulty of determining what portions of the earlier version of the drama were non-Marlowan; all that we know of Marlowe's authentic work goes against his authorship of the comic scenes in the first extant edition. It should be noted that the 1604 and 1616 texts almost coincide up to the end of Scene vi.; from that point onward the changes are very marked.

Brief Bibliography. The various themes arising out of the play can but be referred to in a brief bibliographical summary; it is beyond the scope of the present issue to discuss the history of Marlowe's play in Germany (where it was acted at the beginning of the seventeenth century); its gradual degradation

[1] It cannot be definitely stated that the 1604 quarto was the earliest edition; the play was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in 1601 (Jan. 7th); perhaps an edition was issued in that year.

in England from farce and ballet (*cp.* Mountford's *Dr. Faustus . . . with the humours of Harlequin and Scaramouche*) to puppet-play, until (about the beginning of the eighteenth century) it found too popular a rival in Mr. Punch; its more important German developments, with the influence of legend and puppet-play on Lessing's fragmentary efforts, on a mass of less-known writings, and above all on the supreme outcome of the whole matter, Goethe's mighty achievement. The best bibliographical guide to the literature on these topics is perhaps the Catalogue to the Faust Exhibition held at Frankfort in 1893 (it is a pity that the English *Faustbuch*, if only a modern reprint, was not exhibited on that occasion); the Catalogue gives a summary, though not altogether complete account, of the chief books bearing on (1) the Faust of Legend; (2) the Faust of Poetry; (3) the Faust of Art; (4) the Faust of Music.

Other useful books are:—Hedderwick's *Old German Puppet-Play of Doctor Faust* (London, 1887); Ward's *Dr. Faustus and Friar Bacon* (Oxford, 1892); the publications of the 'Goethe Society'; the collection of magical tracts and treatises known as Scheible's *Kloster*.

As evidence of the widespread interest in Marlowe's play, it is sufficient to mention that there are no less than four German translations (Müller's, 1818; Böttger, 1857; Bodenstedt, 1860; V. de Velde, 1870): François Victor Hugo issued a French version in 1858; a Dutch translation by Modderman was published in 1887.

There can be little doubt that directly or indirectly the genius of Goethe, in elaborating the fascinating allegory, owed no small debt to the adventurous founder of English Romantic

Tragedy, who first seized the dramatic possibilities of the weird legend, and impressed it with his own Titanic genius: Goethe's words at Weimar in 1829, as recorded by Crabb Robinson in his *Diary Reminiscences*, are significant and noteworthy: '*I mentioned Marlowe's* Faust. *He burst out into an exclamation of praise.* "*How greatly it is all planned!*" *He had thought of translating it. He was fully aware that Shakespeare did not stand alone.*'

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE POPE
THE ARCHBISHOP OF RHEIMES
CARDINALS AND BISHOPS
BRUNO, KING OF SAXONY
EMPEROR OF GERMANY
DUKE OF VANHOLT
FAUSTUS
VALDES, } Friends to Faustus
CORNELIUS, }
FREDERICK
BENVOLIO
MARTINO
WAGNER, Servant to Faustus
Clown
ROBIN
RALPH
DICK
Vintner, Horse-Courser, Knight, Old Man, Scholars
Hostess, Friars, and Attendants

DUCHESS OF VANHOLT

LUCIFER
BELZEBUB
MEPHISTOPHILIS
Good Angel
Evil Angel
The Seven Deadly Sins
Devils
Spirits in the shape of ALEXANDER THE GREAT, of his
Paramour, and of HELEN OF TROY

Chorus

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Not marching now in fields of Thrasimene,
Where Mars did mate the Carthaginians;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love;
In courts of kings where state is overturn'd;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt his heavenly verse:
Only this, gentlemen,—we must perform
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad:
To patient judgments we appeal for plaud,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes:
Of riper years, to Wittenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarism grac'd,
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,
Excelling all whose sweet disputes delight

In heavenly matters of theology;
Till swoln with cunning, of a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And, melting, heavens conspired his overthrow;
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon cursèd necromancy;
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss:
And this the man that in his study sits. [*Exit.*

SCENE I

Faustus's study.

Faustus discovered.

Faust. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:
Having commenced, be a divine in show,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me!
'Bene disserere est finis logices.'
Is, to dispute well, logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more; thou hast attain'd that end.
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:
Bid ὂν καὶ μὴ ὂν farewell; Galen come;

Seeing, '**Ubi desinit philosophus ibi incipit medicus**';
Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,
And be eternised for some wondrous cure!
'**Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas,**'
The end of physic is our body's health.
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?
Is not thy common talk found aphorisms?
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,
And thousand desp'rate maladies been eas'd?
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian? [*Reads.*
'**Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem, alter valorem rei,**' *etc.*
A pretty case of paltry legacies! [*Reads.*
'**Exhæreditare filium non potest pater nisi,**' *etc.*
Such is the subject of the institute,
And universal body of the law:
His study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash;
Too servile and illiberal for me.
When all is done, divinity is best:
Jerome's Bible, Faustus; view it well. [*Reads.*
'**Stipendium peccati mors est.**' Ha! '**Stipendium,**' *etc.*

The reward of sin is death: that 's hard. [*Reads.*
'*Si peccasse negamus fallimur et nulla est in nobis veritas.*'
If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and there 's no truth in us.
Why, then, belike we must sin, and so consequently die:
Ay, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this, 'Che sera, sera':
What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu!
These metaphysics of magicians,
And necromantic books are heavenly;
Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters;
Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O, what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, of omnipotence,
Is promised to the studious artizan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command: emperors and kings
Are but obeyèd in their several provinces,
Nor can they raise the wind, or rend the clouds;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man;
A sound magician is a mighty god:
Here, Faustus, tire thy brains to gain a deity!

Enter Wagner.

Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,

The German Valdes and Cornelius;
Request them earnestly to visit me.
Wag. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Faust. Their conference will be a greater help to me
Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.

G. Ang. O, Faustus, lay that damnèd book aside,
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul,
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head!
Read, read the Scriptures:—that is blasphemy.
E. Ang. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art
Wherein all Nature's treasure is contain'd:
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements.
[*Exeunt Angels.*
Faust. How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocĕan for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;
I'll have them read me strange philosophy,
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,

And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg,
I 'll have them fill the public schools with silk,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad ;
I 'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,
And reign sole king of all our provinces ;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge,
I 'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Enter Valdes and Cornelius.

Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference !
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and concealèd arts :
Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy,
That will receive no object ; for my head
But ruminates on necromantic skill.
Philosophy is odious and obscure ;
Both law and physic are for petty wits ;
Divinity is basest of the three,
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile :
'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravish'd me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt ;
And I, that have with concise syllogisms
Gravell'd the pastors of the German church,

And made the flowering pride of Wittenberg
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
On sweet Musæus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadows made all Europe honour him.

Vald. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience
Shall make all nations to canònize us.
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the subjects of every element
Be always serviceable to us three ;
Like lions shall they guard us when we please ;
Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides ;
Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the queen of love :
From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury ;
If learnèd Faustus will be resolute.

Faust. Valdes, as resolute am I in this
As thou to live : therefore object it not.

Corn. The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology,
Enrich'd with tongues, well seen in minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require :
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renown'd,

And more frequented for this mystery
Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks,
Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth :
Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want ?

Faust. Nothing, Cornelius. O, this cheers my soul !
Come, show me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some lusty grove,
And have these joys in full possession.

Vald. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And bear wise Bacon's and Albanus' works,
The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament ;
And whatsoever else is requisite
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

Corn. Valdes, first let him know the words of art ;
And then, all other ceremonies learn'd,
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

Vald. First I 'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

Faust. Then come and dine with me, and, after meat,
We'll canvass every quiddity thereof ;
For, ere I sleep, I 'll try what I can do :
This night I 'll conjure, though I die therefore.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Before Faustus's house.

Enter Two Scholars.

First Schol. I wonder what's become of Faustus, that was wont to make our schools ring with 'sic probo.'

Sec. Schol. That shall we know; for see, here comes his boy.

Enter Wagner.

First Schol. How now, sirrah! where's thy master?

Wag. God in heaven knows.

Sec. Schol. Why, dost not thou know?

Wag. Yes, I know; but that follows not.

First Schol. Go to, sirrah! leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

Wag. That follows not necessary by force of argument, that you, being licentiate, should stand upon 't: therefore acknowledge your error, and be attentive.

Sec. Schol. Why, didst thou not say thou knewest?

Wag. Have you any witness on 't?

First Schol. Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

Wag. Ask my fellow if I be a thief.

Sec. Schol. Well, you will not tell us?

Wag. Yes, sir, I will tell you: yet, if you were not dunces, you would never ask me such a question; for is not he 'corpus naturale'? and is not that 'mobile'? then wherefore should you ask me such a question? But

that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to love, I would say), it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt to see you both hanged the next sessions. Thus having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian, and begin to speak thus :—Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, it would inform your worships: and so, the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren, my dear brethren! [*Exit.*

First Schol. Nay, then, I fear he is fallen into that damned art for which they two are infamous through the world.

Sec. Schol. Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet should I grieve for him. But, come, let us go and inform the Rector, and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim him.

First Schol. O, but I fear me nothing can reclaim him!

Sec. Schol. Yet let us try what we can do. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

A grove.

Enter Faustus to conjure.

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,

Leaps from th' antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest,
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrificed to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward anagrammatiz'd,
The breviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
And characters of signs and erring stars,
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,
And try the uttermost magic can perform.

'Sint mihi Dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex Jehovæ! Ignis, aeris, aquæ, terræ spiritus, salvete! Orientis princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgat Mephistophilis. Quid tu moraris? per Jehovam, Gehennam, et consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!'

Enter Mephistophilis.

I charge thee to return, and change thy shape;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me:
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;

That holy shape becomes a devil best.
[*Exit Mephistophilis.*
I see there's virtue in my heavenly words:
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
Full of obedience and humility!
Such is the force of magic and my spells:
Now, Faustus, thou art conjuror laureat,
That canst command great Mephistophilis:
'Quin regis Mephistophilis fratris imagine.'

Re-enter Mephistophilis like a Franciscan friar.

Meph. Now, Faustus, what would'st thou have me do?
Faust. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command,
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or th' ocean to overwhelm the world.
Meph. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave;
No more than he commands must we perform.
Faust. Did not he charge thee to appear to me?
Meph. No, I came hither of mine own accord.
Faust. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? speak.
Meph. That was the cause, but yet 'per accidens';
For, when we hear one rack the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul;

Nor will we come, unless he use such means
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd.
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,
And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.

Faust. So Faustus hath
Already done; and holds this principle,
There is no chief but only Belzebub;
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word 'damnation' terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elysium:
His ghost be with the old philosophers!
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord?

Meph. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

Faust. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

Meph. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.

Faust. How comes it then that he is prince of devils?

Meph. O, by aspiring pride and insolence;
For which God threw him from the face of heaven.

Faust. And what are you that live with Lucifer?

Meph. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,
Conspired against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.

Faust. Where are you damn'd?

Meph. In hell.

Faust. How comes it then that thou art out of hell?

Meph. Why this is hell, nor am I out of it:

Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?
O, Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul!

Faust. What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate
For being deprivèd of the joys of heaven?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:
Seeing Faustus hath incurr'd eternal death
By desp'rate thoughts against Jove's deity,
Say, he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four-and-twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness;
Having thee ever to attend on me,
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends,
And always be obedient to my will.
Go and return to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

Meph. I will, Faustus. [*Exit.*

Faust. Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I 'd give them all for Mephistophilis.
By him I 'll be great emp'ror of the world,

And make a bridge thorough the moving air,
To pass the ocean with a band of men;
I 'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that country continent to Spain,
And both contributory to my crown:
The Emp'ror shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany.
Now that I have obtain'd what I desired,
I 'll live in speculation of this art,
Till Mephistophilis return again. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV

A street.

Enter Wagner and Clown.

Wag. Sirrah boy, come hither.

Clown. How, boy! swowns, boy! I hope you have seen many boys with such pickadevaunts as I have: boy, quotha!

Wag. Tell me, sirrah, hast thou any comings in?

Clown. Ay, and goings out too. You may see else.

Wag. Alas, poor slave! see how poverty jesteth in his nakedness! the villain is bare and out of service, and so hungry, that I know he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood-raw.

Clown. How! my soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though 'twere blood-raw! not so, good

friend. By'r lady, I had need have it well roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear.

Wag. Well, wilt thou serve me, and I'll make thee go like 'Qui mihi discipulus'?

Clown. How, in verse?

Wag. No, sirrah; in beaten silk and staves-acre.

Clown. How, how, knave's-acre! ay, I thought that was all the land his father left him. Do ye hear? I would be sorry to rob you of your living.

Wag. Sirrah, I say in staves-acre.

Clown. Oho, oho, staves-acre! why, then, belike, if I were your man, I should be full of vermin.

Wag. So thou shalt, whether thou beest with me or no. But, sirrah, leave thy jesting, and bind thyself presently unto me for seven years, or I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars, and they shall tear thee in pieces.

Clown. Do you hear, sir? you may save that labour; they are too familiar with me already: swowns, they are as bold with my flesh as if they had paid for my meat and drink.

Wag. Well, do you hear, sirrah? hold, take these guilders. [*Gives money.*

Clown. Gridirons, what be they?

Wag. Why, French crowns.

Clown. Mass, but for the name of French crowns, a man were as good have as many English counters. And what should I do with these?

Wag. Why, now, sirrah, thou art at an hour's warning, whensoever or wheresoever the devil shall fetch thee.

Clown. No, no; here, take your gridirons again.

Wag. Truly, I 'll none of them.

Clown. Truly, but you shall.

Wag. Bear witness I gave them him.

Clown. Bear witness I give them you again.

Wag. Well, I will cause two devils presently to fetch thee away.—Baliol and Belcher!

Clown. Let your Balio and your Belcher come here, and I 'll knock them, they were never so knocked since they were devils: say I should kill one of them, what would folks say? 'Do ye see yonder tall fellow in the round slop? he has killed the devil.' So I should be called Kill-devil all the parish over.

Enter two Devils; and the Clown runs up and down crying.

Wag. Baliol and Belcher,—spirits, away!

[*Exeunt Devils.*

Clown. What, are they gone? a vengeance on them! they have vile long nails. There was a he-devil and a she-devil: I 'll tell you how you shall know them; all he-devils has horns, and all she-devils has clifts and cloven feet.

Wag. Well, sirrah, follow me.

Clown. But, do you hear? if I should serve you, would you teach me to raise up Banios and Belcheos?

Wag. I will teach thee to turn thyself to any thing, to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or any thing.

Clown. How! a Christian fellow to a dog, or a cat, a mouse, or a rat! no, no, sir; if you turn me into any thing, let it be in the likeness of a little pretty frisking flea, that I may be here and there and everywhere. O, I'll tickle the pretty wenches' plackets: I'll be amongst them i' faith. 74

Wag. Well, sirrah, come.

Clown. But, do you hear, Wagner?

Wag. How!—Baliol and Belcher!

Clown. O Lord, I pray, sir, let Banio and Belcher go sleep.

Wag. Villain, call me Master Wagner, and let thy left eye be diametarily fixed upon my right heal, with 'quasi vestigias nostras insistere.' [*Exit.*

Clown. God forgive me, he speaks Dutch fustian. Well, I'll follow him; I'll serve him, that's flat. [*Exit.*

SCENE V

Faustus's study.

Faustus discovered.

Faust. Now, Faustus, must
Thou needs be damn'd, and canst thou not be sav'd.
What boots it, then, to think of God or heaven?

Away with such vain fancies, and despair;
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub:
Now go not backward; no, Faustus, be resolute:
Why waver'st thou? O, something soundeth in mine ears,
'Abjure this magic, turn to God again!'
Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.
To God? he loves thee not;
The God thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fix'd the love of Belzebub:
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.
Faust. Contrition, prayer, repentance—what of them?
G. Ang. O, they are means to bring thee unto heaven!
E. Ang. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,
That makes men foolish that do trust them most.
G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.
E. Ang. No, Faustus; think of honour and of wealth.
[*Exeunt Angels*
Faust. Of wealth!
Why, the signiory of Emden shall be mine.
When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
What God can hurt thee, Faustus? thou art safe:

Cast no more doubts.—Come, Mephistophilis,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;—
Is't not midnight?—come, Mephistophilus,
Veni, veni, Mephistophile!

Enter Mephistophilis.

Now tell me what says Lucifer, thy lord?
Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus while he lives,
So he will buy my service with his soul.
Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.
Meph. But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood;
For that security craves great Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I will back to hell.
Faust. Stay, Mephistophilus, and tell me, what good
Will my soul do thy lord?
Meph. Enlarge his kingdom.
Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?
Meph. 'Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.'
Faust. Why, have you any pain that tortures others?
Meph. As great as have the human souls of men.
But tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?
And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.
Faust. Ay, Mephistophilus, I give it thee.
Meph. Then, Faustus, stab thine arm courageously,
And bind thy soul, that at some certain day

Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Faust. [*stabbing his arm.*] Lo, Mephistophilus, for love of thee,
I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood
Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!
View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,
And let it be propitious for my wish.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

Faust. Ay, so I will. [*Writes*]. But, Mephistophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

Meph. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight. [*Exit.*

Faust. What might the staying of my blood portend?
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?
Why streams it not, that I may write afresh?
'Faustus gives to thee his soul': ah, there it stay'd!
Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soul thine own?
Then write again, 'Faustus gives to thee his soul.'

Re-enter Mephistophilis with a chafer of coals.

Meph. Here 's fire; come, Faustus, set it on.

Faust. So, now the blood begins to clear again;
Now will I make an end immediately. [*Writes.*

Meph. O, what will not I do to obtain his soul? [*Aside.*

Faust. Consummatum est; this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soul to Lucifer.

But what is this inscription on mine arm?
'Homo, fuge!' Whither should I fly?
If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.
My senses are deceiv'd; here's nothing writ:—
I see it plain; here in this place is writ,
'Homo, fuge!' Yet shall not Faustus fly.

Meph. I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind.
[*Aside, and then exit.*

Re-enter Mephistophilis with Devils, giving crowns and rich apparel to Faustus, and dance, and then depart.

Faust. Speak, Mephistophilis, what means this show?

Meph. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind withal,
And to shew thee what magic can perform.

Faust. But may I raise up spirits when I please?

Meph. Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

Faust. Then there's enough for a thousand souls.
Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,
A deed of gift of body and of soul:
But yet conditionally that thou perform
All articles prescrib'd between us both.

Meph. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer
To effect all promises between us made!

Faust. Then hear me read them:— [*Reads.*

On these conditions following. First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance. Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and at his command. Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for

him, and bring him whatsoever. Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible. Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus at all times, in what form or shape soever he please. I, John Faustus, of Wittenberg, Doctor, by these presents, do give both body and soul to Lucifer Prince of the East, and his minister Mephistophilis; and furthermore grant unto them that, twenty-four years being expired, the articles above written inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their habitation wheresoever. By me, JOHN FAUSTUS.

Meph. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?
Faust. Ay, take it, and the devil give thee good on't!
Meph. Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.
Faust. First will I question with thee about hell.
Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?
Meph. Under the heavens.
Faust. Ay, but whereabout?
Meph. Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever:
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one self place; for where we are is hell,
And where hell is, there must we ever be:
And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that is not heaven.
Faust. Come, I think hell's a fable.

Meph. Ay, think so, till experience change thy mind.
Faust. Why, think'st thou, then, that Faustus shall be damn'd?
Meph. Ay, of necessity, for here 's the scroll
Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.
Faust. Ay, and body too: but what of that?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine
That, after this life, there is any pain?
Tush, these are trifles and mere old wives' tales.
Meph. But, Faustus, I am an instance to prove the contrary;
For I am damnèd, and am now in hell.
Faust. How? now in hell? Nay, an this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd here: What! walking, disputing, etc. But, leaving off this, let me have a wife, the fairest maid in Germany, for I am wanton and lascivious and cannot live without a wife.
Meph. How! a wife!
I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a wife.
Faust. Nay, sweet Mephistophilis, fetch me one; for I will have one.
Meph. Well, thou wilt have one? Sit there till I come: I'll fetch thee a wife in the devil's name. [*Exit*

Re-enter Mephistophilis with a Devil dressed like a Woman, with fire-works.

Meph. Tell me, Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?
Faust. A plague on her for a hot whore!

Meph. Tut, Faustus,
Marriage is but a ceremonial toy:
If thou lovest me, think no more of it.
I 'll call thee out the fairest courtesans,
And bring them ev'ry morning to thy bed:
She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,
Be she as chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as Saba, or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Hold, take this book, peruse it thoroughly:
[*Gives book.*
The iterating of these lines brings gold;
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder, and lightning;
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,
And men in armour shall appear to thee,
Ready to execute what thou desir'st.

Faust. Thanks, Mephistophilus; yet fain would I have a book wherein I might behold all spells and incantations, that I might raise up spirits when I please.

Meph. Here they are in this book. [*Turns to them.*

Faust. Now would I have a book where I might see all characters and planets of the heavens, that I might know their motions and dispositions.

Meph. Here they are too. [*Turns to them.*

Faust. Nay, let me have one book more,—and then I have done,—wherein I might see all plants, herbs, and trees, that grow upon the earth.

Meph. Here they be.
Faust. O, thou art deceived.
Meph. Tut, I warrant thee. [*Turns to them.*

SCENE VI

In the house of Faustus.

Enter Faustus and Mephistophilis.

Faust. When I behold the heavens, then I repent,
And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast depriv'd me of those joys.
Meph. Why, Faustus, Thinkest thou heaven is such a glorious thing?
I tell thee, Faustus, 'tis not half so fair
As thou, or any man that breathes on earth.
Faust. How prov'st thou that?
Meph. 'Twas made for man, therefore is man more excellent.
Faust. If it were made for man, 'twas made for me:
I will renounce this magic and repent.

Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.

G. Ang. Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.
E. Ang. Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.
Faust. Who buzzeth in mine ear, I am a spirit?
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;
Ay, God will pity me, if I repent.

E. Ang. Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.

[*Exeunt Angels.*

Faust. My heart 's so harden'd, I cannot repent:
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,
But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears,
'Faustus, thou art damn'd!' Then swords, and knives,
Poison, guns, halters, and envenom'd steel
Are laid before me to despatch myself;
And long ere this I should have slain myself,
Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair.
Have not I made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Oenon's death?
And hath not he, that built the walls of Thebes,
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophilis?
Why should I die, then, or basely despair?
I am resolv'd; Faustus shall ne'er repent.—
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,
And argue of divine astrology.
Speak, are there many heavens above the moon?
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centric earth?

Meph. As are the elements, such are the spheres,
Mutually folded in each other's orb,
And, Faustus,
All jointly move upon one axletree,
Whose terminine is term'd the world's wide pole;

Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter
Feign'd, but are erring stars.

Faust. But, tell me, have they all one motion, both situ et tempore?

Meph. All jointly move from east to west in twenty-four hours upon the poles of the world; but differ in their motion upon the poles of the zodiac.

Faust. Tush,
These slender trifles Wagner can decide:
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?
Who knows not the double motion of the planets?
The first is finish'd in a natural day;
The second thus: as Saturn in thirty years; Jupiter in twelve; Mars in four; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year; the Moon in twenty-eight days. Tush, these are freshmen's suppositions. But, tell me, hath every sphere a dominion or intelligentia?

Meph. Ay.

Faust. How many heavens or spheres are there?

Meph. Nine; the seven planets, the firmament, and the empyreal heaven.

Faust. Well, resolve me in this question: why have we not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time, but in some years we have more, in some less?

Meph. Per inaequalem motum respectu totius.

Faust. Well, I am answered. Tell me who made the world?

Meph. I will not.
Faust. Sweet Mephistophilus, tell me.
Meph. Move me not, for I will not tell thee.
Faust. Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me any thing?
Meph. Ay, that is not against our kingdom; but this is. Think thou on hell, Faustus, for thou art damned.

Re-enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.

G. Ang. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.
Meph. Remember this. [*Exit.*
Faust. Ay, go, accursèd spirit, to ugly hell!
'Tis thou hast damn'd distressèd Faustus' soul.
Is't not too late?
E. Ang. Too late.
G. Ang. Never too late, if Faustus can repent.
E. Ang. If thou repent, devils shall tear thee in pieces.
G. Ang. Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin.
[*Exeunt Angels.*
Faust. Ay, Christ, my Saviour,
Seek to save distressèd Faustus' soul!

Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephistophilis.

Luc. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just:
There's none but I have int'rest in the same.
Faust. O, who art thou that look'st so terrible?
Luc. I am Lucifer,
And this is my companion-prince in hell.

Faust. O, Faustus, they are come to fetch away thy soul!

Luc. We come to tell thee thou dost injure us;
Thou talk'st of Christ, contrary to thy promise:
Thou shouldst not think of God: think of the devil.

Bels. And of his dam too.

Faust. Nor will I henceforth: pardon me in this,
And Faustus vows never to look to heaven,
Never to name God, or to pray to him,
To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers,
And make my spirits pull his churches down.

Luc. Do so, and we will highly gratify thee.

Bels. Faustus, we are come from hell to show thee some pastime: sit down, and thou shalt see all the Seven Deadly sins appear in their proper shapes.

Faust. That sight will be as pleasing unto me,
As Paradise was to Adam, the first day
Of his creation.

Luc. Talk not of Paradise nor creation; but mark this show: talk of the devil, and nothing else.—Come away!

Enter the Seven Deadly Sins.

Bels. Now, Faustus, examine them of their several names and dispositions.

Faust. What art thou, the first?

Pride. I am Pride. I disdain to have any parents. I am like Ovid's flea; I can creep into every corner of a wench; sometimes, like a periwig, I sit upon

her brow; *next like a necklace I hang about her neck;* or like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips, *And then turning myself to a wrought smock do what I list.* Indeed I do! What do I not? But, fie, what a scent is here! I'll not speak another word, except the ground were perfumed, and covered with cloth of arras.

Faust. What art thou, the second?

Covet. I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl in an old leathern bag: and, might I have my wish, I would desire that this house and all the people in it were turned to gold, that I might lock you up in my good chest, O my sweet gold!

Faust. What art thou, the third?

Wrath. I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce half-an-hour old; and ever since I have run up and down the world with this case of rapiers, wounding myself when I had nobody to fight withal. I was born in hell; and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

Faust. What art thou, the fourth?

Envy. I am Envy, begotten of a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books were burnt. I am lean with seeing others eat. O, that there would come a famine through all the world, that all might die, and I live alone! then thou shouldst see how fat I would be.

But must thou sit, and I stand? come down with a vengeance!

Faust. Away, envious rascal!—What art thou, the fifth?

Glut. Who, I, sir? I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me, but a bare pension, and that is thirty meals a day and ten bevers,—a small trifle to suffice nature. O, I come of a royal parentage! my grandfather was a Gammon of Bacon, my grandmother a Hogshead of Claret-wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickle-herring and Martin Martlemas-beef; O, but my godmother, she was a jolly gentlewoman, and well beloved in every good town and city; her name was Mistress Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny; wilt thou bid me to supper?

Faust. No, I'll see thee hanged; thou wilt eat up all my victuals.

Glut. Then the devil choke thee.

Faust. Choke thyself, glutton!—What art thou, the sixth?

Sloth. I am Sloth. I was born on a sunny bank, where I have lain ever since; and you have done me great injury to bring me from thence: let me be carried thither again by Gluttony and Lechery. I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom.

Faust. What are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?

Lechery. Who, I, sir? I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton better than an ell of fried stockfish, and the first letter of my name begins with L.

Luc. Away, to hell, to hell! [*Exeunt the Sins.*] Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this?

Faust. O, this feeds my soul!

Luc. Tut, Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

Faust. O, might I see hell, and return again,
How happy were I then! 180

Luc. Thou shalt; I will send for thee at midnight.
In meantime take this book; peruse it throughly,
And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

Faust. Great thanks, mighty Lucifer!
This will I keep as chary as my life.

Luc. Farewell, Faustus, and think on the devil.

Faust. Farewell, great Lucifer. Come, Mephistophilis.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE VII

Enter Robin *with a book.*

Robin. *What, Dick, look to the horses there, till I come again. I have gotten one of Doctor Faustus' conjuring books, and now we'll have such knavery, as't passes.*

Enter Dick.

Dick. *What, Robin, you must come away and walk the horses.*

Robin. *I walk the horses? I scorn't, 'faith, I have other matters in hand, let the horses walk themselves an they will.* [Reads.] *A per se, a, t. h. e. the: o per se o deny orgon, gorgon: Keep further from me, O thou illiterate and unlearned hostler.*

Dick. *'Snails, what hast thou got there? a book? why, thou canst not tell ne'er a word on't.*

Robin. *That thou shalt see presently: Keep out of the circle, I say, lest I send you into the Ostry with a vengeance.*

Dick. *That's like, 'faith: you had best leave your foolery, for an my master come, he'll conjure you, 'faith.*

Robin. *My master conjure me? I'll tell thee what, an my master come here, I'll clap as fair a pair of horns on's head as e'er thou sawest in thy life.*

Dick. *Thou needst not do that, for my mistress hath done it.*

Robin. *Ay, there be of us here that have waded as deep into matters as other men, if they were disposed to talk.*

Dick. *A plague take you, I thought you did not sneak up and down after her for nothing. But I prithee, tell me, in good sadness, Robin, is that a conjuring book?*

Robin. *Do but speak what thou'lt have me to do, and I'll do't: If thou'lt dance naked, put off thy clothes, and I'll conjure thee about presently: or if thou'lt go but to the tavern with me, I'll give thee white wine, red wine, claret wine, sack, Muscadine, Malmesey, and Whippincrust, hold belly, hold, and we'll not pay one penny for it.*

Dick. *O brave, prithee let's to it presently, for I am as dry as a dog.*

Robin. *Come then, let's away.* [Exeunt

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Learnèd Faustus,
To know the secrets of astronomy
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top,
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons' necks,
He views the clouds, the planets, and the stars,
The tropic zones, and quarters of the sky,
From the bright circle of the hornèd moon,
E'en to the height of Primum Mobile:
And whirling round with this circumference,
Within the concave compass of the pole;
From east to west his dragons swiftly glide,
And in eight days did bring him home again.
Not long he stayed within his quiet house,

To rest his bones after his weary toil,
But new exploits do hale him out again,
And mounted then upon a dragon's back,
That with his wings did part the subtle air,
He now is gone to prove cosmography,
That measures coasts, and kingdoms of the earth:
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
That to this day is highly solemniz'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII

The Pope's privy-chamber.

Enter Faustus and Mephistophilis.

Faust. Having now, my good Mephistophilus,
Pass'd with delight the stately town of Trier,
Environ'd round with airy mountain-tops,
With walls of flint, and deep entrenchèd lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering prince;
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines;
Then up to Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth, and paved with finest brick,

Quarters the town in four equivalents;
There saw we learnèd Maro's golden tomb,
The way he cut, an English mile in length,
Thorough a rock of stone, in one night's space;
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,
That threats the stars with her aspiring top,
Whose frame is paved with sundry colour'd stones,
And roof'd aloft with curious work in gold.
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time:
But tell me now what resting-place is this?
Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

Meph. Faustus, I have; and, because we will not be unprovided, I have taken up his Holiness' privy-chamber for our use.

Faust. I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

Meph. Tut, 'tis no matter, man; we 'll be bold with his good cheer.
And now, my Faustus, that thou may'st perceive
What Rome containeth to delight thee with,
Know that this city stands upon seven hills
That underprop the groundwork of the same:
Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's stream,
With winding banks that cut it in two parts;
Over the which four stately bridges lean,
That make safe passage to each part of Rome:
Upon the bridge called Ponte Angelo

Erected is a castle passing strong,
Within whose walls such store of ordnance are,
And double cannons framed of carvèd brass,
As match the days within one cómplete year;
Besides the gates, and high pyramides,
Which Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.

Faust. Now, by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake
Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear
That I do long to see the monuments
And situation of bright-splendent Rome:
Come, therefore, let's away.

Meph. Nay, Faustus, stay; I know you'd see the Pope,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
The which, in state and high solemnity,
This day is held through Rome and Italy,
In honour of the Pope's triumphant victory.

Faust. *Sweet Mephistophilis, thou pleasest me,*
Whilst I am here on earth, let me be cloy'd
With all things that delight the heart of man.
My four-and-twenty years of liberty
I'll spend in pleasure and in dalliance,
That Faustus' name, whilst this bright frame doth stand,
May be admirèd through the furthest land.

Meph. *'Tis well said, Faustus, come then, stand by me*
And thou shalt see them come immediately.

Faust. *Nay, stay, my gentle Mephistophilis,*

And grant me my request, and then I go.
Thou know'st within the compass of eight days
We view'd the face of heaven, of earth and hell.
So high our dragons soar'd into the air,
That looking down, the earth appear'd to me
No bigger than my hand in quantity.
There did we view the kingdoms of the world,
And what might please mine eye, I there beheld.
Then in this show let me an actor be,
That this proud Pope may Faustus' cunning see.

Meph. *Let it be so, my Faustus, but, first stay,*
And view their triumphs, as they pass this way.
And then devise what best contents thy mind
By cunning in thine art to cross the Pope,
Or dash the pride of this solemnity;
To make his monks and abbots stand like apes,
And point like antics at his triple crown:
To beat the beads about the friars' pates,
Or clap huge horns upon the Cardinals' heads:
Or any villainy thou canst devise,
And I'll perform it, Faustus: Hark! they come:
This day shall make thee be admired in Rome.

Enter the Cardinals and Bishops, some bearing crosiers, some the pillars, Monks and Friars singing their Procession. Then the Pope, and Raymond King of Hungary, with Bruno, led in chains.

Pope. *Cast down our footstool.*

Ray. *Saxon Bruno, stoop,*
Whilst on thy back his Holiness ascends,
Saint Peter's chair and state pontifical.
Bruno. *Proud Lucifer, that state belongs to me:*
But thus I fall to Peter, not to thee.
Pope. *To me and Peter shalt thou grovelling lie,*
And crouch before the Papal dignity:
Sound trumpets, then, for thus Saint Peter's heir,
From Bruno's back, ascends Saint Peter's chair.
[A flourish while he ascends.
Thus, as the gods creep on with feet of wool,
Long ere with iron hands they punish men,
So shall our sleeping vengeance now arise,
And smite with death thy hated enterprise.
Lord Cardinals of France and Padua,
Go forthwith to our holy Consistory,
And read amongst the Statutes Decretal,
What, by the holy Council held at Trent,
The sacred synod hath decreed for him
That doth assume the Papal government
Without election, and a true consent:
Away, and bring us word with speed.
First Card. *We go, my Lord.* [Exeunt Cardinals.
Pope. *Lord Raymond.*
Faust. *Go, haste thee, gentle Mephistophilis,*
Follow the Cardinals to the Consistory;
And as they turn their superstitious books,
Strike them with sloth, and drowsy idleness;

And make them sleep so sound, that in their shapes
Thyself and I may parley with this Pope,
This proud confronter of the Emperor:
And in despite of all his Holiness
Restore this Bruno to his liberty,
And bear him to the States of Germany.

Meph. *Faustus, I go.*

Faust. *Despatch it soon,*
The Pope shall curse that Faustus came to Rome.
[Exeunt Faustus and Mephistophilis.

Bruno. *Pope Adrian, let me have some right of law,*
I was elected by the Emperor.

Pope. *We will depose the Emperor for that deed,*
And curse the people that submit to him;
Both he and thou'll stand excommunicate,
And interdict from Church's privilege
And all society of holy men:
He grows too proud in his authority,
Lifting his lofty head above the clouds,
And like a steeple over-peers the Church:
But we'll pull down his haughty insolence.
And as Pope Alexander, our progenitor,
Trod on the neck of German Frederick,
Adding this golden sentence to our praise:—
'That Peter's heirs should tread on Emperors,
And walk upon the dreadful adder's back,
Treading the lion and the dragon down,
And fearless spurn the killing basilisk':

So we will quell that haughty schismatic;
And by authority apostolical
Depose him from his regal government.
Bruno. *Pope Julius swore to princely Sigismond,*
For him, and the succeeding Popes of Rome,
To hold the Emperors their lawful lords.
Pope. *Pope Julius did abuse the Church's rites,* 150
And therefore none of his decrees can stand.
Is not all power on earth bestow'd on us?
And therefore though we would, we cannot err.
Behold this silver belt, whereto is fix'd
Seven golden seals fast seal'd with seven seals.
In token of our sevenfold power from Heaven,
To bind or loose, lock fast, condemn, or judge,
Resign, or seal, or whatso pleaseth us.
Then he and thou, and all the world shall stoop,
Or be assurèd of our dreadful curse, 160
To light as heavy as the pains of hell.

Enter Faustus and Mephistophilis like the Cardinals.

Meph. *Now tell me, Faustus, are we not fitted well?*
Faust. *Yes, Mephistophilis, and two such Cardinals*
Ne'er served a holy Pope as we shall do.
But whilst they sleep within the Consistory,
Let us salute his reverend Fatherhood.
Ray. *Behold, my Lord, the Cardinals are return'd.*
Pope. *Welcome, grave Fathers, answer presently,*

What have our holy Council there decreed,
Concerning Bruno and the Emperor,
In quittance of their late conspiracy
Against our state and Papal dignity?

Faust. *Most sacred patron of the Church of Rome*
By full consent of all the synod
Of priests and prelates, it is thus decreed:
That Bruno and the German Emperor
Be held as Lollards and bold schismatics
And proud disturbers of the Church's peace.
And if that Bruno, by his own assent,
Without enforcement of the German peers,
Did seek to wear the triple diadem,
And by your death to climb Saint Peter's chair,
The Statutes Decretal have thus decreed,
He shall be straight condemn'd of heresy,
And on a pile of fagots burnt to death.

Pope. *It is enough: Here, take him to your charge,*
And bear him straight to Ponte Angelo,
And in the strongest tower enclose him fast;
To-morrow, sitting in our Consistory
With all our college of grave Cardinals,
We will determine of his life or death.
Here, take this triple crown along with you,
And leave it in the Church's treasury.
Make haste again, my good Lord Cardinals,
And take our blessing apostolical.

Meph. *So, so; was never devil thus blessed before.*

Faust. *Away, sweet Mephistophilis, be gone,*
The Cardinals will be plagued for this anon.
[Exeunt Faustus and Mephistophilis, with Bruno.
Go presently and bring a banquet forth,
That we may solemnise Saint Peter's feast, 200
And with Lord Raymond, King of Hungary,
Drink to our late and happy victory. [Exeunt.

A Sennet while the banquet is brought in; and then enter Faustus and Mephistophilis in their own shape.

Meph. *Now, Faustus, come, prepare thyself for mirth:*
The sleepy Cardinals are hard at hand
To censure Bruno, that is posted hence,
And on a proud-paced steed, as swift as thought,
Flies o'er the Alps to fruitful Germany,
There to salute the woeful Emperor.
Faust. *The Pope will curse them for their sloth to-day,*
That slept both Bruno and his crown away: 210
But now, that Faustus may delight his mind,
And by their folly make *some* merriment,
Sweet Mephistophilis, so charm me *here,*
That I may *walk* invisible *to all,*
And do what*e'er* I please, unseen of any.
Meph. *Faustus, thou shalt, then kneel down presently:*

Whilst on thy head I lay my hand,
And charm thee with this magic wand.

First wear this girdle, then appear
Invisible to all are here:
The Planets seven, the gloomy air,
Hell and the Furies forked hair,
Pluto's blue fire, and Hecate's tree,
With magic spells so compass thee,
That no eye may thy body see.

So, Faustus, now *for all their holiness,*
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.

Faust. *Thanks, Mephistophilis, now, friars, take heed,*
Lest Faustus make your shaven crowns to bleed.

Meph. *Faustus, no more: see where the Cardinals come.*

Enter Pope and all the Lords. Enter the Cardinals with a book.

Pope. *Welcome, Lord Cardinals: come, sit down.*
Lord Raymond, take your seat. Friars, attend,
And see that all things be in readiness,
As best beseems this solemn festival.

First Card. *First, may it please your sacred Holiness*
To view the sentence of the reverend synod,
Concerning Bruno and the Emperor?

Pope. *What needs this question? Did I not tell you,*
To-morrow we would sit i' the Consistory,
And there determine of his punishment?
You brought us word even now, it was decreed
That Bruno and the cursèd Emperor
Were by the holy Council both condemn'd

For loathèd Lollards and base schismatics:
Then wherefore would you have me view that book?
Cardin. of Fr. *Your Grace mistakes, you gave us no such charge.*
Ray. *Deny it not, we all are witnesses*
That Bruno here was late deliver'd you,
With his rich triple crown to be reserved
And put into the Church's treasury.
Both Card. *By holy Paul, we saw them not.*
Pope. *By Peter, you shall die,*
Unless you bring them forth immediately:
Hale them to prison, lade their limbs with gyves:
False prelates, for this hateful treachery,
Cursed be your souls to hellish misery.
[Exeunt Attendants with the two Cardinals.
Faust. *So, they are safe: now, Faustus, to the feast,*
The Pope had never such a frolic guest.
Pope. *Lord Archbishop of Reames, sit down with us.*
Archbish. *I thank your Holiness.*
Faust. Fall to, the devil choke you an you spare.
Pope. *Who's that spoke?*—Friars, look about.
Lord Raymond, pray fall to. I am beholding
To the Bishop of Milan *for this so rare a present.*
Faust. I thank you, sir. [Snatches the dish.
Pope. How now? who snatch'd the meat from me?
Villains, why speak you not?—
My good Lord Archbishop, here's a most dainty dish,
Was sent me from the Cardinal of Florence.

Faust. *I'll have that too.* [Snatches the dish.
Pope. *What Lollards do attend our Holiness,*
That we receive such great indignity? Fetch me some wine.
Faust. *Ay, pray do, for Faustus is a-dry.*
Pope. *Lord Raymond,* I drink unto your grace.
Faust. I pledge your grace. [Snatches the cup.
Pope. *My wine gone too?—ye lubbers, look about*
And find the man that doth this villainy,
Or by our sanctitude, you all shall die.
I pray, my lords, have patience at this
Troublesome banquet.
Bish. *Please it your Holiness, I think it be some* ghost crept out of Purgatory, *and now is come unto your Holiness for his pardon.*
Pope. It may be so:
Go then command our priests to sing a dirge,
To lay the fury of this *same troublesome* ghost.
[Exit an Attendant.—The Pope crosses himself.
Faust. *How now?*
Must every bit be spiced with a cross?
Nay then, take that. [Strikes the Pope.
Pope. *O I am slain, help me, my lords;*
O come and help to bear my body hence:—
Damn'd be his soul for ever for this deed!
[Exeunt the Pope and his train.
Meph. *Now, Faustus, what will you do now, for I can tell you you'll be* cursed with bell, book, and candle.

Faust. How! bell, book, and candle,—candle, book, and bell,—
Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell!
Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat, and an ass bray,
Because it is Saint Peter's holiday.

Re-enter all the Friars to sing the Dirge.

First Friar. Come, brethren, let's about our business with good devotion.

They sing.

Cursed be he that stole away his Holiness' meat from the table! maledicat Dominus!
Cursed be he that struck his Holiness a blow on the face! maledicat Dominus!
Cursed be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate! maledicat Dominus!
Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge! maledicat Dominus!
Cursed be he that took away his Holiness' wine! maledicat Dominus!
Et omnes Sancti! Amen!

[*Mephistophilis and Faustus beat the Friars, and fling fireworks among them; and so exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chor. When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view
Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,

He stay'd his course, and so returnèd home;
Where such as bear his absence but with grief,
I mean his friends and near'st companions,
Did gratulate his safety with kind words,
And in their conference of what befell,
Touching his journey through the world and air,
They put forth questions of astrology,
Which Faustus answer'd with such learnèd skill
As they admired and wonder'd at his wit.
Now is his fame spread forth in every land:
Amongst the rest the Emperor is one,
Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now
Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen.
What there he did, in trial of his art,
I leave untold; your eyes shall see perform'd.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IX

Near an inn.

Enter Robin the Ostler, with a book in his hand.

Robin. O, this is admirable! here I ha' stolen one of Doctor Faustus' conjuring books, and, i' faith, I mean to search some circles for my own use. Now will I make all the maidens in our parish dance at my pleasure stark naked before me, and so by that means I shall see more than ere I felt or saw yet.

Enter Ralph, calling Robin.

Ralph. Robin, prithee, come away; there's a gentleman tarries to have his horse, and he would have his things rubbed and made clean: he keeps such a chafing with my mistress about it; and she has sent me to look thee out; prithee, come away.

Robin. Keep out, keep out, or else you are blown up, you are dismembered, Ralph: keep out, for I am about a roaring piece of work.

Ralph. Come, what doest thou with that same book? thou canst not read?

Robin. Yes, my master and mistress shall find that I can read, he for his forehead, she for her private study, she's born to bear with me, or else my art fails.

Ralph. Why, Robin, what book is that?

Robin. What book! why, the most intolerable book for conjuring that ere was invented by any brimstone devil.

Ralph. Canst thou conjure with it?

Robin. I can do all these things easily with it; first, I can make thee drunk with ippocras at any tavern in Europe for nothing; that's one of my conjuring works.

Ralph. Our Master Parson says that's nothing.

Robin. True, Ralph: and more, Ralph, if thou hast any mind to Nan Spit, our kitchenmaid, then turn her and wind her to thy own use, as often as thou wilt, and at midnight.

Ralph. O, brave, Robin! shall I have Nan Spit, and to mine own use? On that condition I'll feed thy devil with horse-bread as long as he lives, of free cost.

Robin. No more, sweet Ralph; let's go and make clean our boots, which lie foul upon our hands, and then to our conjuring in the devil's name. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X

The same.

Enter Robin and Ralph with a silver goblet.

Robin. Come, Ralph: did not I tell thee, we were for ever made by this Doctor Faustus' book? Ecce, signum! here's a simple purchase for horse-keepers: our horses shall eat no hay as long as this lasts.

Enter Vintner.

Ralph. But, Robin, here comes the Vintner.

Robin. Hush! I'll gull him supernaturally.
Drawer, I hope all is paid; God be with you!—
Come, Ralph.

Vint. Soft, sir; a word with you. I must yet have a goblet paid from you, ere you go.

Robin. I a goblet, Ralph, I a goblet!—I scorn you; and you are but a, etc. I a goblet! search me.

Vint. I mean so, sir, with your favour. [*Searches Robin.*

Robin. How say you now?

Vint. I must say somewhat to your fellow.—You, sir!

Ralph. Me, sir! me, sir! search your fill. [*Vintner searches him.*] Now, sir, you may be ashamed to burden honest men with a matter of truth.

Vint. Well, t' one of you hath this goblet about you.

Robin. You lie, drawer, 'tis afore me [*Aside*].—Sirrah you, I'll teach you to impeach honest men;—stand by;—I'll scour you for a goblet;—stand aside you had best, I charge you in the name of Belzebub.—Look to the goblet, Ralph [*Aside to Ralph*].

Vint. What mean you, sirrah?

Robin. I'll tell you what I mean. [*Reads from a book*] Sanctobulorum Periphrasticon—nay, I'll tickle you, Vintner.—Look to the goblet, Ralph [*Aside to Ralph*].—[*Reads*] Polypragmos Belseborams framanto pacostiphos tostu, Mephistophilis, etc.

Enter Mephistophilis, sets squibs at their backs, and then exit. They run about.

Vint. O, nomine Domine! what meanest thou, Robin? thou hast no goblet.

Ralph. Peccatum peccatorum!—Here's thy goblet, good Vintner. [*Gives the goblet to Vintner, who exit.*

Robin. Misericordia pro nobis! what shall I do? Good devil, forgive me now, and I'll never rob thy library more.

Re-enter Mephistophilis.

Meph. Monarch of hell, under whose black survey
Great potentates do kneel with awful fear,
Upon whose altars thousand souls do lie,
How am I vexèd with these villains' charms!
From Constantinople am I hither come,
Only for pleasure of these damnèd slaves.

Robin. How, from Constantinople! you have had a great journey: will you take sixpence in your purse to pay for your supper, and be gone?

Meph. Well, villains, for your presumption, I transform thee into an ape, and thee into a dog; and so be gone. [*Exit.*

Robin. How, into an ape! that's brave: I'll have fine sport with the boys; I'll get nuts and apples enow.

Ralph. And I must be a dog.

Robin. I' faith, thy head will never be out of the pottage-pot. [*Exeunt.*

Meph. *Now with the flames of ever-burning fire,*
I'll wing myself and forthwith fly amain
Unto my Faustus, to the great Turk's Court. [Exit.

SCENE XI

The Emperor's Court at Innsbruck.

Enter Martino, and Frederick at several doors.

Mart. *What ho, officers, gentlemen,*
Hie to the presence to attend the Emperor,

Good Frederick, see the rooms be voided straight,
His Majesty is coming to the hall;
Go back, and see the state in readiness.
Fred. *But where is Bruno, our elected Pope,*
That on a fury's back came post from Rome?
Will not his grace consort the Emperor?
Mart. *O yes, and with him comes the German conjuror,*
The learnèd Faustus, fame of Wittenberg,
The wonder of the world for magic art;
And he intends to show great Carolus
The race of all his stout progenitors;
And bring in presence of his Majesty
The royal shapes and warlike semblances
Of Alexander and his beauteous paramour.
Fred. *Where is Benvolio?*
Mart. *Fast asleep, I warrant you,*
He took his rouse with stopes of Rhenish wine
So kindly yesternight to Bruno's health,
That all this day the sluggard keeps his bed.
Fred. *See, see, his window's ope, we'll call to him.*
Mart. *What ho, Benvolio.*

Enter Benvolio above, at a window, in his night-cap: buttoning.

Benv. *What a devil ail you two?*
Mar. *Speak softly, sir, lest the devil hear you:*
For Faustus at the court is late arrived,

And at his heels a thousand furies wait,
To accomplish whatsoe'er the doctor please.

Benv. *What of this?*

Mart. *Come, leave thy chamber first, and thou shalt see*
This conjuror perform such rare exploits,
Before the Pope and royal Emperor,
As never yet was seen in Germany.

Benv. *Has not the Pope enough of conjuring yet?*
He was upon the devil's back late enough;
And if he be so far in love with him,
I would he would post with him to Rome again.

Fred. *Speak, wilt thou come and see this sport?*

Benv. *Not I.*

Mart. *Wilt thou stand in thy window, and see it then?*

Benv. *Ay, an I fall not asleep in the meantime.*

Mart. *The Emperor is at hand, who comes to see*
What wonders by black spells may compass'd be.

Benv. *Well, go you attend the Emperor: I am content for this once to thrust my head out at a window; for they say, if a man be drunk overnight the devil cannot hurt him in the morning; if that be true, I have a charm in my head shall control him as well as the conjuror, I warrant you.*

[Exeunt Frederick and Martino.

SCENE XII

A Sennet. Enter Charles, the German Emperor, Bruno, Saxony, Faustus, Mephistophilis, Frederick, Martino, and Attendants.

Emp. *Wonder of men, renown'd magician,*
Thrice-learned Faustus, welcome to our Court.
This deed of thine, in setting Bruno free
From his and our professèd enemy,
Shall add more excellence unto thine art,
Than if by powerful necromantic spells,
Thou couldst command the world's obedience:
For ever be belov'd of Carolus,
And if this Bruno thou hast late redeem'd,
In peace possess the triple diadem, 10
And sit in Peter's chair, despite of chance,
Thou shalt be famous through all Italy,
And honour'd of the German Emperor.
Faust. *These gracious words, most royal Carolus,*
Shall make poor Faustus, to his utmost power,
Both love and serve the German Emperor,
And lay his life at holy Bruno's feet.
For proof whereof, if so your grace be pleas'd,
The Doctor stands prepar'd by power of art
To cast his magic charms, that shall pierce through 20

The ebon gates of ever-burning hell,
And hale the stubborn Furies from their caves,
To compass whatsoe'er your grace commands.

Benv. *'Blood, he speaks terribly: but for all that I do not greatly believe him:* he looks *as* like a conjuror *as the Pope to a costermonger* [Aside].

Emp. Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say.
As I was sometime solitary set
Within my closet, sundry thoughts arose
About the honour of mine ancestors,
How they had won by prowess such exploits,
Got such riches, subdued so many kingdoms,
As we that do succeed, or they that shall
Hereafter possess our throne, shall
(I fear me) ne'er attain to that degree
Of high renown and great authority:
Amongst which kings is Alexander the Great,
Chief spectacle of the world's pre-eminence,
The bright shining of whose glorious acts
Lightens the world with his reflecting beams,
As when I hear but motion made of him,
It grieves my soul I never saw the man:
If, therefore, thou, by cunning of thine art,
Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below,
Where lies entomb'd this famous conqueror,
And bring with him his beauteous paramour,
Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire
They used to wear during their time of life,

Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire,
And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.
Faust. *Your Majesty shall see them presently.*
Mephistophilis, away.
And with a solemn noise of trumpets' sound
Present before this royal Emperor,
Great Alexander and his beauteous paramour.
Meph. *Faustus, I will.*
Benv. *Well, M. Doctor, an your devils come not away quickly, you shall have me asleep presently: zounds, I could eat myself for anger, to think I have been such an ass all this while to stand gaping after the devil's governor, and can see nothing.*
Faust. *I'll make you feel something anon, if my art fail me not.—*
My lord, I must forewarn your Majesty,
That when my spirits present the royal shapes
Of Alexander and his paramour,
Your grace demand no questions of the king,
But in dumb silence let them come and go.
Emp. *Be it as Faustus please, we are content.*
Benv. *Ay, ay, and I am content too; an thou bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor, I'll be Acteon and turn myself to a stage.*
Faust. *And I'll play Diana, and send you the horns presently.*

Sennet. Enter at one door the Emperor Alexander, at the other Darius; they meet, Darius is thrown down, Alexander kills him; takes off his crown and offering to go out, his paramour meets him, he embraceth her, and sets Darius' crown upon her head; and coming back, both salute the Emperor, who, leaving his state, offers to embrace them, which, Faustus seeing, suddenly stays him. Then trumpets cease, and music sounds.

My gracious lord, you do forget yourself,
These are but shadows, not substantial.
Emp. *O pardon me, my thoughts are so ravish'd*
With sight of this renowned Emperor,
That in mine arms I would have compass'd him.
But, Faustus, since I may not speak to them,
To satisfy my longing thoughts at full,
Let me this tell thee: I have heard it said,
That this fair lady whilst she lived *on earth,*
Had *on her neck, a little* wart, *or* mole;
How may I prove that saying to be true?
Faust. Your *Majesty* may boldly go and see.
Emp. *Faustus, I see it plain,*

And in this sight thou better pleasest me,
Than if I gain'd another monarchy.

Faust. *Away, be gone.* [Exit show.

See, see, my gracious lord, what strange beast is yon, that thrusts his head out at the window?

Emp. *O wondrous sight: see, Duke of Saxony,*
Two spreading horns most strangely fastenèd
Upon the head of young Benvolio.

Sax. *What, is he asleep, or dead?*

Faust. *He sleeps, my lord, but dreams not of his horns.*

Emp. *This sport is excellent; we'll call and wake him.*
What ho, Benvolio.

Benv. *A plague upon you, let me sleep a while.*

Emp. *I blame thee not to sleep much, having such a head of thine own.*

Sax. *Look up, Benvolio, 'tis the Emperor calls.*

Benv. *The Emperor? where?—O zounds, my head.*

Emp. *Nay, an thy horns hold, 'tis no matter for thy head, for that's arm'd sufficiently.*

Faust. *Why, how now, Sir Knight, what, hang'd by the horns? this is most horrible: fie, fie, pull in your head for shame, let not all the world wonder at you.*

Benv. Thou damnèd wretch and execrable dog,
Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock,
How darest thou thus abuse a gentleman?
Villain, I say, undo what thou hast done.

Faust. *O say not so, sir: the Doctor has no skill,*

No art, no cunning, to present these lords,
Or bring before this royal Emperor
The mighty monarch, warlike Alexander.
If Faustus do it, you are straight resolved
In bold Acteon's shape to turn a stag.
And therefore, my lord, so please your Majesty,
I'll raise a kennel of hounds, shall hunt him so,
As all his footmanship shall scarce prevail
To keep his carcase from their bloody fangs.
Ho, Belimote, Argiron, Asterote.

Benv. *Hold, hold: zounds, he'll raise up a kennel of devils, I think, anon: good, my lord, entreat for me: 'sblood, I am never able to endure these torments.*

Emp. *Then,* good Master Doctor,
Let me entreat you to remove his horns,
He has done penance *now* sufficient*ly*.

Faust. My gracious Lord, not so much for injury *done to* me, as to delight your Majesty with some mirth, hath Faustus *justly* requited this injurious knight, which being all I desire, *I* am content to *remove* his horns. *Mephistophilis, transform him* [Mephistophilis removes the horns], *and* hereafter, *sir, look you* speak well of scholars.

Benv. *Speak well of ye? 'sblood, and scholars be such cuckold-makers to clap horns of honest men's heads o' this order, I'll ne'er trust smooth faces and small ruffs, more. But an I be not revenged for this,*

would I might be turn'd to a gaping oyster, and drink nothing but salt water.

[Aside, and then exit above.

Emp. *Come, Faustus, while the Emperor lives,*
In recompense of this thy high desert,
Thou shalt command the state of Germany, 160
And live beloved of mighty Carolus. [Exeunt omnes.

SCENE XII

Enter Benvolio, Martino, Frederick, and Soldiers.

Mart. *Nay, sweet Benvolio, let us sway thy thoughts*
From this attempt against the conjuror.

Benv. *Away, you love me not, to urge me thus.*
Shall I let slip so great an injury,
When every servile groom jests at my wrongs,
And in their rustic gambols proudly say,
'Benvolio's head was graced with horns to-day?'
O may these eyelids never close again,
Till with my sword I have that conjuror slain.
If you will aid me in this enterprise, 10
Then draw your weapons, and be resolute:
If not, depart: here will Benvolio die,
But Faustus' death shall quit my infamy.

Fred. *Nay, we will stay with thee, betide what may,*
And kill that Doctor if he come this way.

Benv. *Then, gentle Frederick, hie thee to the grove,*

And place our servants and our followers
Close in an ambush there behind the trees.
By this (I know) the conjuror is near;
I saw him kneel and kiss the Emperor's hand,
And take his leave laden with rich rewards.
Then, soldiers, boldly fight; if Faustus die,
Take you the wealth, leave us the victory.

Fred. *Come, soldiers, follow me unto the grove;*
Who kills him shall have gold and endless love.

[Exit Frederick with the soldiers.

Benv. *My head is lighter than it was by th' horns,*
But yet my heart's more ponderous than my head,
And pants until I see that conjuror dead.

Mart. *Where shall we place ourselves, Benvolio?*

Benv. *Here we will stay to bide the first assault.*
O were that damnèd hell-hound but in place,
Thou soon shouldst see me quit my foul disgrace.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. *Close, close, the conjuror is at hand,*
And all alone comes walking in his gown;
Be ready then, and strike the peasant down.

Benv. *Mine be that honour then: now, sword, strike home,*
For horns he gave I'll have his head anon.

Enter Faustus with the false head.

Mart. *See, see, he comes.*

Benv. *No words: this blow ends all,*
Hell take his soul, his body thus must fall.
[Stabs Faustus.

Faust. [falling.] *Oh!*

Fred. *Groan you, Master Doctor?*

Benv. *Break may his heart with groans: dear Frederick, see,*
Thus will I end his griefs immediately.

Mart. *Strike with a willing hand.* [Benv. strikes off Faustus' head.] *His head is off.*

Benv. *The devil's dead, the Furies now may laugh.*

Fred. *Was this that stern aspect, that awful frown,*
Made the grim monarch of infernal spirits
Tremble and quake at his commanding charms?

Mart. *Was this that damnèd head, whose heart conspired*
Benvolio's shame before the Emperor?

Benv. *Ay, that's the head, and here the body lies,*
Justly rewarded for his villainies.

Fred. *Come, let's devise how we may add more shame*
To the black scandal of his hated name.

Benv. *First, on his head, in quittance of my wrongs,*
I'll nail huge forkèd horns, and let them hang
Within the window where he yoked me first,
That all the world may see my just revenge.

Mart. *What use shall we put his beard to?*

Benv. *We'll sell it to a chimney-sweeper: it will wear out ten birchen brooms, I warrant you.*

Fred. *What shall his eyes do?*

Benv. *We'll put out his eyes, and they shall serve for buttons to his lips, to keep his tongue from catching cold.*

Mart. *An excellent policy: and now, sirs, having divided him, what shall the body do?* [Faustus rises.

Benv. *Zounds, the devil's alive again.*

Fred. *Give him his head, for God's sake.*

Faust. *Nay, keep it: Faustus will have heads and hands,*
Ay, all your hearts to recompense this deed.
Knew you not, traitors, I was limited
For four-and-twenty years to breathe on earth?
And had you cut my body with your swords,
Or hew'd this flesh and bones as small as sand,
Yet in a minute had my spirit return'd,
And I had breath'd a man made free from harm.
But wherefore do I dally my revenge?
Asteroth, Belimoth, Mephistophilis,
[Enter Meph. and other devils.
Go, horse these traitors on your fiery backs,
And mount aloft with them as high as heaven,
Thence pitch them headlong to the lowest hell:
Yet, stay, the world shall see their misery,
And hell shall after plague their treachery.
Go, Belimoth, and take this caitiff hence,
And hurl him in some lake of mud and dirt:
Take thou this other, drag him through the woods,
Amongst the pricking thorns, and sharpest briers,

Whilst with my gentle Mephistophilis,
This traitor flies unto some steepy rock,
That, rolling down, may break the villain's bones,
As he intended to dismember me.
Fly hence, despatch my charge immediately.

Fred. *Pity us, gentle Faustus, save our lives.*

Faust. *Away!*

Fred. *He must needs go that the devil drives.*

[Exeunt Spirits with the Knights.

Enter the ambushed Soldiers.

First Sold. *Come, sirs, prepare yourselves in readiness,*
Make haste to help these noble gentlemen,
I heard them parley with the conjuror.

Sec. Sold. *See where he comes, despatch, and kill the slave.*

Faust. *What's here? an ambush to betray my life:*
Then, Faustus, try thy skill: base peasants, stand:
For lo! these trees remove at my command,
And stand as bulwarks 'twixt yourselves and me,
To shield me from your hated treachery:
Yet to encounter this your weak attempt,
Behold an army comes incontinent.

[Faustus strikes the door, and enter a devil playing on a drum, after him another bearing an ensign: and divers with weapons, Mephistophilis with fireworks; they set upon the soldiers, and drive them out.

SCENE XIII

Enter at several doors Benvolio, Frederick, and Martino, their heads and faces bloody, and besmeared with mud and dirt, all having horns on their heads.

Mart. *What ho, Benvolio!*
Benv. *Here, what, Frederick, ho!*
Fred. *O help me, gentle friend; where is Martino?*
Mart. *Dear Frederick, here,*
Half smother'd in a lake of mud and dirt,
Through which the furies dragg'd me by the heels.
Fred. *Martino, see Benvolio's horns again.*
Mart. *O misery, how now, Benvolio?*
Benv. *Defend me, heaven, shall I be haunted still?*
Mart. *Nay, fear not man, we have no power to kill.*
Benv. *My friends transformèd thus: O hellish spite,*
Your heads are all set with horns.
Fred. *You hit it right:*
It is your own you mean, feel on your head.
Benv. *'Zouns, horns again.*
Mart. *Nay, chafe not man, we all are sped.*
Benv. *What devil attends this damn'd magician,*
That spite of spite, our wrongs are doubled?
Fred. *What may we do, that we may hide our shames?*
Benv. *If we should follow him to work revenge,*

He'd join long asses' ears to these huge horns,
And make us laughing-stocks to all the world.
Mart. *What shall we then do, dear Benvolio?*
Benv. *I have a castle joining near these woods,*
And thither we'll repair and live obscure,
Till time shall alter these our brutish shapes:
Since black disgrace hath thus eclipsed our fame,
We'll rather die with grief, than live with shame.
[Exeunt omnes.

SCENE XIV

A Green; afterwards the house of Faustus.

Faust. Now, Mephistophilis, the restless course
That time doth run with calm and silent foot,
Short'ning my days and thread of vital life,
Calls for the payment of my latest years:
Therefore, sweet Mephistophilis, let us
Make haste to Wittenberg.
Meph. What, will you go on horseback or on foot?
Faust. Nay, till I'm past this fair and pleasant green,
I'll walk on foot.

Enter a Horse-courser.

Horse-c. I have been all this day seeking one Master
Fustian: mass, see where he is!—God save you,
Master Doctor! 12

Faust. What, horse-courser! you are well met.

Horse-c. Do you hear, sir? I have brought you forty dollars for your horse.

Faust. I cannot sell him so. If thou likest him for fifty, take him.

Horse-c. Alas, sir, I have no more!—I pray you speak for me.

Meph. I pray you, let him have him: he is an honest fellow, and he has a great charge, neither wife nor child.

Faust. Well, come, give me your money [*Horse-courser gives Faustus the money*]: my boy will deliver him to you. But I must tell you one thing before you have him; ride him not into the water, at any hand.

Horse-c. Why, sir, will he not drink of all waters?

Faust. O, yes, he will drink of all waters; but ride him not into the water: ride him over hedge or ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water.

Horse-c. Well, sir.—Now am I made man for ever: I 'll not leave my horse for forty: if he had but the quality of hey-ding-ding, hey-ding-ding, I 'd make a brave living on him: he has a buttock as slick as an eel [*Aside*].—Well, God b' wi' ye, sir: your boy will deliver him me: but, hark ye, sir; if my horse be sick or ill at ease, if I bring his water to you, you 'll tell me what it is?

Faust. Away, you villain! what, dost think I am a horse-doctor? [*Exit Horse-courser.*

What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemn'd to die?
Thy fatal time doth draw to final end;
Despair doth drive distrust unto my thoughts:
Confound these passions with a quiet sleep:
Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the Cross;
Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.
[*Sleeps in his chair.*

Re-enter Horse-courser, all wet, crying.

Horse-c. Alas, alas! Doctor Fustian, quotha? mass, Doctor Lopus was never such a doctor; has given me a purgation, has purged me of forty dollars; I shall never see them more. But yet, like an ass as I was, I would not be ruled by him, for he bade me I should ride him into no water: now I, thinking my horse had some rare quality that he would not have had me known of, I, like a venturous youth, rid him into the deep pond at the town's end. I was no sooner in the middle of the pond, but my horse vanished away, and I sat upon a bottle of hay, never so near drowning in my life. But I'll seek out my doctor, and have my forty dollars again, or I'll make it the dearest horse!—O, yonder is his snipper-snapper.—Do you hear? you, heypass, where's your master?

Meph. Why, sir, what would you? you cannot speak with him.

Horse-c. But I will speak with him.

Meph. Why, he 's fast asleep : come some other time.

Horse-c. I 'll speak with him now, or I 'll break his glass-windows about his ears.

Meph. I tell thee, he has not slept this eight nights.

Horse-c. An he have not slept this eight weeks, I 'll speak with him.

Meph. See, where he is, fast asleep.

Horse-c. Ay, this is he.—God save ye, Master Doctor, Master Doctor, Master Doctor Fustian ! forty dollars, forty dollars for a bottle of hay !

Meph. Why, thou seest he hears thee not.

Horse-c. So-ho, ho ! so-ho, ho ! [*Hollas in his ear.*] No, will you not wake? I 'll make you wake ere I go. [*Pulls Faustus by the leg, and pulls it away.*] Alas, I am undone ! what shall I do?

Faust. O, my leg, my leg !—Help, Mephistophilis ! call the officers !—My leg, my leg !

Meph. Come, villain, to the constable.

Horse-c. O Lord, sir, let me go, and I 'll give you forty dollars more !

Meph. Where be they?

Horse-c. I have none about me : come to my ostry, and I 'll give them you.

Meph. Be gone quickly. [*Horse-courser runs away.*

Faust. What, is he gone? farewell he ! Faustus has his leg again, and the horse-courser, I take it, a bottle of hay for his labour : well, this trick shall cost him forty dollars more.

Enter Wagner.

How now, Wagner! what's the news with thee?

Wag. Sir, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt! an honourable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning.—Come, Mephistophilis, let's away to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XV

Enter Robin, Dick, the Horse-courser, and a Carter.

Cart. *Come, my masters, I'll bring you to the best beer in Europe. What ho, hostess; where be these whores?*

Enter Hostess.

Host. *How now, what lack you? What, my old guest, welcome.*

Rob. *Sirra Dick, dost thou know why I stand so mute?*

Dick. *No, Robin, why is't?*

Rob. *I am eighteenpence on the score, but say nothing, see if she have forgotten me.*

Host. *Who's this, that stands so solemnly by himself? what, my old guest?*

Rob. *O hostess, how do you? I hope my score stands still.*

Host. *Ay, there's no doubt of that, for methinks you make not haste to wipe it out.*

Dick. *Why, hostess, I say, fetch us some beer.*

Host. *You shall presently: look up into th' hall there, ho.* [Exit.

Dick. *Come, sirs, what shall we do now till mine hostess comes?*

Cart. *Marry, sir, I'll tell you the bravest tale how a conjuror served me; you know Docter Fauster?*

Horse-c. *Ay, a plague take him, here's some on's have cause to know him; did he conjure thee too?*

Cart. *I'll tell you how he served me: As I was going to Wittenberg t' other day, with a load of hay, he met me, and asked me what he should give me for as much hay as he could eat; now sir, I thinking that a little would serve his turn, bade him take as much as he would for three farthings; so he presently gave me my money, and fell to eating; and, as I am a cursen man, he never left eating, till he had ate up all my load of hay.*

All. *O monstrous, eat a whole load of hay!*

Rob. *Yes, yes, that may be; for I have heard of one that has ate a load of logs.*

Horse-c. *Now, sirs, you shall hear how villainously he served me: I went to him yesterday to buy a horse of him, and he would by no means sell him under forty dollars; so, sir, because I knew him to be such a horse as would run over hedge and ditch and never tire, I gave him his money. So when I had my horse, Doctor Faustus bade me ride him night and day, and spare him no time; but, quoth he, in any*

case, ride him not into the water. Now, sir, I thinking the horse had had some quality that he would not have me know of, what did I but ride him into a great river, and when I came just in the midst, my horse vanished away, and I sat straddling upon a bottle of hay.

All. *O brave Doctor.*

Horse-c. *But you shall hear how bravely I served him for it; I went me home to his house, and there I found him asleep; I kept a-hallowing and whooping in his ears, but all could not wake him: I seeing that, took him by the leg, and never rested pulling, till I had pulled me his leg quite off, and now 'tis at home in mine hostry.*

Rob. *And has the Doctor but one leg then? that's excellent, for one of his devils turned into the likeness of an ape's face.*

Cart. *Some more drink, hostess.*

Rob. *Hark you, we'll into another room and drink a while, and then we'll go seek out the Doctor.*

[Exeunt omnes.

SCENE XVI

The Court of the Duke of Vanholt.

Enter the Duke of Vanholt, the Duchess, and Faustus.

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased me, *nor know I how sufficiently to re-*

compense your great deserts in erecting that enchanted castle in the air: the sight whereof so delighted me, as nothing in the world could please me more.

Faust. *I do think myself, my good lord, highly recompensed in that it pleaseth your grace to think but well of that which Faustus hath performed.*—But it may be, madam, you take no delight in this. I have heard that great-bellied women do long for some dainties or other: what is it, madam? tell me and you shall have it. 13

Duchess. Thanks, good Master Doctor: and, for I see your courteous intent to pleasure me, I will not hide from you the thing my heart desires; and, were it now summer, as it is January, and the dead time of winter, I would desire no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

Faust. Alas, madam, that's nothing!—Mephistophilis, be gone. [*Exit Mephistophilis.*] Were it a greater thing than this, so it would content you, you should have it. 23

Re-enter Mephistophilis with grapes.

Here they be, madam: will't please you taste on them?

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this makes me wonder above the rest, that being in the dead time of winter, and in the month of January, how you should come by these grapes. 29

Faust. If it like your grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world, that, when it is here winter with us, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, as in India, Saba, and farther countries in the east; and by means of a swift spirit that I have I had them brought hither, as you see.—How do you like them, madam? be they good?

Duchess. Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best grapes that e'er I tasted in my life before.

Faust. I am glad they content you so, madam.

[*The Clowns bounce at the gate within.*

Duke. *What rude disturbers have we at the gate?*
To pacify their fury, set it ope,
And then demand of them what they would have.

[They knock again, and call out to talk with Faustus.

A Servant. *Why, how now, masters, what a coil is there?*
What is the reason you disturb the Duke?

Dick. *We have no reason for it, therefore a fig for him.*

Serv. *Why, saucy varlets, dare you be so bold?*

Horse-c. *I hope, sir, we have wit enough to be more bold than welcome.*

Serv. *It appears so, pray be bold elsewhere,*
And trouble not the Duke. 50

Duke. *What would they have?*

Serv. *They all cry out to speak with Doctor Faustus.*

Cart. *Ay, and we will speak with him.*

Duke. *Will you, sir? Commit the rascals.*

Dick. *Commit with us; he were as good commit with his father as commit with us.*
Faust. *I do beseech your grace let them come in,*
They are good subject for a merriment.
Duke. *Do as thou wilt, Faustus, I give thee leave.*
Faust. *I thank your grace.*

Enter Robin, Dick, Carter, and Horse-courser.

Why, how now, my good friends?
'Faith you are too outrageous, but come near,
I have procured your pardons: welcome all.
Clown. *Nay, sir, we will be welcome for our money, and we will pay for what we take. What ho, give's half a dozen of beer here, and be hang'd.*
Faust. *Nay, hark you, can you tell me where you are?*
Cart. *Ay, marry can I; we are under heaven.*
Serv. *Ay, but, Sir Sauce-box, know you in what place?*
Horse-c. *Ay, ay, the house is good enough to drink in: Zouns, fill us some beer, or we'll break all the barrels in the house, and dash out all your brains with your bottles.*
Faust. *Be not so furious: come, you shall have beer.*
My Lord, beseech you give me leave a while,
I'll gage my credit, 'twill content your grace.
Duke. *With all my heart, kind Doctor, please thyself;*
Our servants and our Court's at thy command.
Faust. *I humbly thank your grace: then fetch some beer.*

Horse-c. *Ay, marry, there spake a Doctor indeed, and, 'faith, I'll drink a health to thy wooden leg for that word.*

Faust. *My wooden leg! what dost thou mean by that?*

Cart. *Ha, ha, ha, dost hear him, Dick? He has forgot his leg.*

Horse-c. *Ay, ay, he does not stand much upon that.*

Faust. *No, 'faith not much upon a wooden leg.*

Cart. *Good Lord, that flesh and blood should be so frail with your worship. Do not you remember a horse-courser you sold a horse to?*

Faust. *Yes, I remember I sold one a horse.*

Cart. *And do you remember you bid he should not ride him into the water?*

Faust. *Yes, I do very well remember that.*

Cart. *And do you remember nothing of your leg?*

Faust. *No, in good sooth.*

Cart. *Then, I pray, remember your courtesy.*

Faust. *I thank you, sir.*

Cart. *'Tis not so much worth; I pray you tell me one thing.*

Faust. *What's that?*

Cart. *Be both your legs bedfellows every night together?*

Faust. *Wouldst thou make a Colossus of me, that thou askest me such questions?*

Cart. *No, truly, sir: I would make nothing of you, but I would fain know that.*

Enter Hostess with drink.

Faust. *Then I assure thee certainly they are.*

Cart. *I thank you, I am fully satisfied.*

Faust. *But wherefore dost thou ask?*

Cart. *For nothing, sir: but methinks you should have a wooden bedfellow of one of them.*

Horse-c. *Why, do you hear, sir, did not I pull off one of your legs when you were asleep?*

Faust. *But I have it again, now I am awake: look you here, sir.*

All. *O horrible, had the Doctor three legs?*

Cart. *Do you remember, sir, how you cozened me and ate up my load of—* [Faustus charms him dumb.

Dick. *Do you remember how you made me wear an ape's—*

Horse-c. *You whoreson conjuring scab, do you remember how you cozened me with a ho—*

Clown. *Ha' you forgotten me? you think to carry it away with your Hey-pass and Re-pass: do you remember the dog's fa—* [Exeunt Clowns.

Host. *Who pays for the ale? hear you, Master Doctor, now you have sent away my guest, I pray who shall pay me for my a—* [Exit Hostess.

Lady. *My Lord,*
We are much beholding to this learnèd man.

Duke. *So are we, Madam, which we will recompense*
With all the love and kindness that we may.
His artful sport drives all sad thoughts away.
[Exeunt.

SCENE XVII

A room in the house of Faustus.

Enter Wagner.

Wag. I think my master means to die shortly,
For he hath given to me all his goods:
And yet, methinketh, if that death were near,
He would not banquet, and carouse, and swill
Amongst the students, as even now he doth,
Who are at supper with such belly-cheer
As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.
See, where they come! belike the feast is ended.

Enter Faustus with two or three Scholars, and Mephistophilis.

First Schol. Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautiful'st in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived: therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us that favour, as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

Faust. Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfeign'd,
And Faustus' custom is not to deny

The just requests of those that wish him well,
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherways for pomp and majesty
Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her,
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

[*Music sounds, and Helen passeth over the stage.*

Sec. Schol. *Was this fair Helen, whose admirèd worth*
Made Greece with ten years' wars afflict poor Troy?

Third Schol. Too simple is my wit to tell her praise,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

Sec. Schol. No marvel though the angry Greeks pursued
With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,
Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.

First Schol. Since we have seen the pride of Nature's works,
And only paragon of excellence,
Let us depart; and for this glorious deed
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore!

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell: the same I wish to you.

[*Exeunt Scholars and Wagner.*

Enter an Old Man.

Old Man. *O gentle Faustus, leave this damnèd art,*
This magic, that will charm thy soul to hell,
And quite bereave thee of salvation.
Though thou hast now offended like a man,
Do not persèver in it like a devil;

Yet, yet, thou hast an amiable soul,
If sin by custom grow not into nature:
Then, Faustus, will repentance come too late,
Then thou art banish'd from the sight of heaven;
No mortal can express the pains of hell.
It may be this my exhortation
Seems harsh and all unpleasant; let it not,
For, gentle son, I speak it not in wrath,
Or envy of thee, but in tender love,
And pity of thy future misery.
And so have hope, that this my kind rebuke,
Checking thy body, may amend thy soul.

Faust. Where art thou, Faustus? wretch, what hast thou done?
Damn'd art thou, Faustus, damn'd; despair and die!
Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice
Says, 'Faustus, come; thine hour is almost come';
And Faustus now will come to do thee right.
[*Mephistophilis gives him a dagger.*

Old Man. Ah, stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps!
I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,
And, with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul:
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

Faust. Ah, my sweet friend, I feel
Thy words to comfort my distressèd soul!
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

Old Man. I go, sweet Faustus; but with heavy cheer,
Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul. [*Exit.*
Faust. Accursèd Faustus, where is mercy now?
I do repent; and yet I do despair:
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast:
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?
Meph. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign lord:
Revolt, or I 'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh.
Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
My former vow I made to Lucifer.
Meph. Do it, then, quickly, with unfeignèd heart,
Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.
[*Faustus stabs his arm, and writes on a paper with his blood.*
Faust. Torment, sweet friend, that base and crooked age,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.
Meph. His faith is great; I cannot touch his soul;
But what I may afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.
Faust. One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,
To glut the longing of my heart's desire,—
That I might have unto my paramour
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late

Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean
These thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.

Meph. Faustus, this, or what else thou shalt desire,
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Re-enter Helen [passing over the stage between two Cupids].

Faust. Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?—
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.—
[*Kisses her.*
Her lips suck forth my soul: see where it flees!—
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sack'd;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumèd crest;
Yes, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appear'd to hapless Semele;

More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azured arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour! [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Old Man.

Old Man. Accursèd Faustus, miserable man,
That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of Heaven,
And fly'st the throne of his tribunal-seat! 120

Enter Devils.

Satan begins to sift me with his pride:
As in this furnace God shall try my faith,
My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.
Ambitious fiends, see how the heavens smile
At your repulse, and laugh your state to scorn!
Hence, hell! for hence I fly unto my God.
[*Exeunt,—on one side Devils, on the other Old Man.*

SCENE XVIII

Thunder. Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephistophilis.

Lucif. *Thus from infernal Dis do we ascend*
To view the subjects of our monarchy,
Those souls which sin seals the black sons of hell,

'Mong which as chief, Faustus, we come to thee,
Bringing with us lasting damnation
To wait upon thy soul; the time is come
Which makes it forfeit.

Meph. *And this gloomy night,*
Here in this room will wretched Faustus be.

Belz. *And here we'll stay,*
To mark him how he doth demean himself.

SCENE XIX

The same.

Enter Faustus and Wagner.

Faust. *Say, Wagner, thou hast perused my will,*
How dost thou like it?

Wag. *Sir, so wondrous well,*
As in all humble duty, I do yield
My life and lasting service for your love.

Enter the Scholars.

Faust. *Gramercies, Wagner. Welcome, gentlemen.*
[Exit Wagner.

First Scholar. *Now, worthy Faustus, methinks your looks are changed.*

Faust. Ah, gentlemen!

First Schol. What ails Faustus?

Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still! but now I die eternally. Look, comes he not? comes he not?

Sec. Schol. What means Faustus?

Third Schol. Belike he is grown into some sickness by being over solitary.

First Schol. If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him.—'Tis but a surfeit; never fear, man.

Faust. A surfeit of deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

Sec. Schol. Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven; remember God's mercies are infinite.

Faust. But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O, would I had never seen Wittenberg, never read book! and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world; yea, heaven itself, heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and must remain in hell for ever,—hell, ah, hell for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

Third Schol. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! on God,

whom Faustus hath blasphemed! Ah, my God, I would weep! but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood, instead of tears! yea, life and soul—O, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold them, they hold them!

All. Who, Faustus?

Faust. Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning!

All. God forbid!

Faust. God forbade it, indeed; but Faustus hath done it: for vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood: the date is expired; the time will come, and he will fetch me.

First Schol. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces, if I named God; to fetch both body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity: and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

Sec. Schol. O, what shall we do to save Faustus?

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

Third Schol. God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

First Schol. Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.

Faust. Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise

soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

Sec. Schol. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell: if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

All. Faustus, farewell.

[*Exeunt Scholars.—The clock strikes eleven.*

Meph. *Ay, Faustus, now thou hast no hope of heaven;*
Therefore despair, think only upon hell,
For that must be thy mansion, there to dwell.

Faust. *O thou bewitching fiend, 'twas thy temptation*
Hath robb'd me of eternal happiness.

Meph. *I do confess it, Faustus, and rejoice;*
'Twas I, that when thou wert i' the way to heaven,
Damm'd up thy passage; when thou took'st the book,
To view the Scriptures, then I turn'd the leaves,
And led thine eye.
What, weep'st thou? 'tis too late, despair, farewell!
Fools that will laugh on earth, must weep in hell.

[Exit.

Enter the Good Angel and the Bad Angel at several doors.

Good Ang. *Oh, Faustus, if thou hadst given ear to me,*
Innumerable joys had follow'd thee.
But thou didst love the world.

Bad Ang. *Gavest ear to me,*
And now must taste hell's pains perpetually.

Good Ang. *O what will all thy riches, pleasures, pomps,*
Avail thee now?
Bad Ang. *Nothing but vex thee more,*
To want in hell, that had on earth such store.
[Music while the throne descends.
Good Ang. *O thou hast lost celestial happiness,*
Pleasures unspeakable, bliss without end.
Hadst thou affected sweet divinity,
Hell, or the devil, had had no power on thee.
Hadst thou kept on that way, Faustus, behold,
In what resplendent glory thou hadst sit
In yonder throne, like those bright shining saints,
And triumphed over hell: that hast thou lost:
And now, poor soul, must thy good angel leave thee,
The jaws of hell are open to receive thee. [Exit.
[Hell is discovered.]
Bad Ang. *Now, Faustus, let thine eyes with horror stare*
Into that vast perpetual torture-house.
There are the Furies tossing damnèd souls
On burning forks; their bodies broil in lead:
There are live quarters broiling on the coals,
That ne'er can die: this ever-burning chair
Is for o'er-tortured souls to rest them in;
These that are fed with sops of flaming fire,
Were gluttons and loved only delicates,
And laugh'd to see the poor starve at their gates:
But yet all these are nothing; thou shalt see
Ten thousand tortures that more horrid be.

Faust. *O, I have seen enough to torture me.*
Bad Ang. *Nay, thou must feel them, taste the smart of all:*
He that loves pleasure, must for pleasure fall:
And so I leave thee, Faustus, till anon;
Then wilt thou tumble in confusion. [Exit.
Faust. Ah, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
'O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!'
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
O, I'll leap up to God!—Who pulls me down?—
See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul, half a drop: ah, my Christ!—
Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him: O, spare me, Lucifer!—
Where is it now? 'tis gone: and see, where God
Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,

And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
No, no!
Then will I headlong run into the earth:
Earth, gape! O, no, it will not harbour me!
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon lab'ring clouds,
That, when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven!
[*The clock strikes the half-hour.*
Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be passed anon.
O God,
If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransom'd me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be saved!
No end is limited to damnèd souls!
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
Unto some brutish beast! all beasts are happy,
For, when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.

Cursed be the parents that engender'd me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.
[*The clock strikes twelve.*
O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!
[*Thunder and lightning.*
O soul, be changed into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!

Enter Devils.

My God, my God, look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I 'll burn my books!—Ah, Mephistophilis!
[*Exeunt Devils with Faustus.*

SCENE XX

Enter the Scholars.

First Schol. *Come, gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,*
For such a dreadful night was never seen,
Since first the world's creation did begin.
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard:
Pray heaven the Doctor have escaped the danger.

Sec. Schol. *O help us heaven! see, here are Faustus' limbs,*
All torn asunder by the hand of death.

Third Schol. *The devils whom Faustus served have torn him thus:*
For 'twixt the hours of twelve and one methought
I heard him shriek and call aloud for help:
At which self time the house seem'd all on fire,
With dreadful horror of these damnèd fiends.

Sec. Schol. *Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end be such*
As every Christian heart laments to think on,
Yet for he was a scholar, once admired
For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,
We'll give his mangled limbs due burial;
And all the students, clothed in mourning black,
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral. [Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel-bough,
That sometime grew within this learnèd man.
Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits.
[*Exit.*

Terminat hora diem; terminat auctor opus.

GLOSSARY AND NOTES

GLOSSARY

ACTÆON; an allusion to the story of Actæon changed by Diana into a stag; xii. 132.

ADJUNCT, 'every adjunct to the heavens,' *i.e.* 'every star joined to, belonging to, the heavens'; iii. 11.

AGE, old man; xvii. 76.

AGRIPPA, an allusion to Cornelius Agrippa, the famous magician; i. 118.

ALBANUS, perhaps a reference to Pietro d'Abano, an Italian physician and alchemist (*circa* 1250-1301). According to Mitford, 'Albanus' is an error for 'Albertus,' *i.e.* the famous scientist and theologian, Albertus Magnus, 'Doctor Universalis'; i. 155.

ALEXANDER, Paris, Priam's son; vi. 27.

ALLIED, connected by friendship; ii. 38.

ALMAIN, German; i. 126.

ANAGRAMMATIZ'D (A, 'and Agramithist'), made into anagrams, *i.e.* 'conceits arising from the transposition of the letters of a name'; iii. 9.

ANALYTICS (A, 'Anulatikes'), *i.e.* 'the resolution of reasoning into its elements and general powers'; i. 6.

ANTARCTIC, *i.e.* 'opposed to the north,' southern; iii. 3.

ANTWERP'S BRIDGE, 'the fiery keel at Antwerp's Bridge'; alluding to the breach made by the famous fire-ship at the siege of Antwerp (*cf.* Motley's *United Netherlands*, i.); i. 97.

ARETHUSA, a water-nymph, pursued by Alpheos, the river-god, and changed into a fountain; the river-god mingled his stream with the fountain (Marlowe's mythology seems incorrect in this instance); xvii. 116.

ARGOSIES (originally 'ragusies,' *i.e.* vessels of Ragusa), vessels of heavy burden; i. 131.

ARRAS, 'cloth of arras,' *i.e.* 'cloth from Arras in Artois,' where it was made; tapestried carpets; vi. 122.

ARTIZAN, skilled artist; i. 56.

ASSURE, pledge; v. 55.

AZURED (B, 'azure'), azure; xvii. 116.

BASILISK, a kind of snake whose gaze was fatal, unless first vanquished by the gaze of its victim; viii. 143.

BEATEN SILK, a special kind of silk, referred to quibblingly; iv. 19.

BELIKE, it may be like; i. 44.

BENE DISSERERE EST FINIS LOGICES, 'to argue well is the end of logic'; probably quoted from Ramus' *Dialecticæ*; i. 7.

BEVERS, refreshments between meals; vi. 149.

BILLS, placards, advertisements, prescriptions; i. 20.

BIND, enclose; iii. 111.
BOTTLE, 'bottle of hay,' *i.e.* truss of hay; xiv. 58.
BOY, servant; ii. 4.
BRAVELY, finely; i. 92.
BREVIATED (B, 'abbreviated'), abbreviated; iii. 10.
BRUNT, 'brunt of war,' *i.e.* 'heat of war'; i. 96.

CALL, address, invite to salvation; xiv. 46.
CANVASS, sift; i. 165.
CASE, 'case of rapiers,' pair of rapiers; vi. 133.
CAST, consider; v. 26.
CENTRIC, 'centric earth,' *i.e.* placed in the centre of the heavenly system, according to the Ptolemaic view; vi. 37.
CHAFER, pan for heating coals; v. 69-70.
CHAMBER-FELLOW, college-mate, chum; xix. 11.
CHARACTERS, magical signs; i. 52.
CHE SERA, SERA, *i.e.* '*che sarà sarà*' (Italian proverb), 'What shall be, will be'; i. 48.
CIRCLE, encircle; i. 90.
COMMENC'd, used technically for 'having proceeded to the full degree'=being a doctor of theology; i. 3.
COMPARE, comparison; xvii. 33.
CONCEIT, thought, fancy of attaining; i. 79.
CONFERENCE, conversation; i. 69.
CONFERENCE, 'conference of,' conversation on; Chor. viii. 320.
CONFOUNDS, confuses; iii. 63.
CONSISTORY, place of assembly; viii. 104.
'CONSUMMATUM EST,' 'it is finished' (*cp.* St. John, xix. 30); v. 74.
CORPUS NATURALE; '*corpus naturale seu mobile*,' the current scholastic expression for the subject matter of Physics' (*Ward*); ii. 21.
COSMOGRAPHY, the science which 'measures coasts and kingdoms of the earth'; Chor. vii. 59.
COST, 'of free cost,' at no expense; ix. 38.
CONTINENT TO, adjoining, contingent, forming a whole with; iii. 112.
CUNNING, knowledge; Chor. i. 20.

DARDANIA, Troy; xvii. 24.
DECRETAL, belonging to the papal decrees; viii. 105.
DELICATES, delicacies; i. 86.
DEMOGORGON, one of the chief of the evil spirits, 'master of the fates'; iii. 19.
DETERMINED, 'determined with ourselves,' decided, agreed with one another; xvii. 11.
DIAMETARILY, diametrically; iv. 80.
DIRGE, funeral service; viii. 287.
DIS, 'infernal Dis,' *i.e.* Pluto, hell; xviii. 1.
DOUBLE, 'double cannons,' (?) cannons with double bore; viii. 42.
DRIFT, tendency, intention; xvii. 82.

EMBDEN, Emden, near the mouth of the Ems, formerly an important commercial port; v. 23.
EMPYREAL, 'the empyreal heaven' (A, 'imperiall'), *i.e.* the highest heaven, where the pure element of fire (ἔμπυρος) was supposed to exist; vi. 62.
EQUIVALENTS (A, B, 'equivolence'), equal parts; viii. 12.
ERRING STARS, planets; iii. 12.
ETERNIS'D, immortalised; i. 15.
EXHÆREDITARE FILIUM, etc., *i.e.* 'a father cannot disinherit his son, except,' etc.; i. 31.

FATAL, determined by fate; xiv. 43.
FAMILIARS, attendant-demons; iv. 29.
FIRE (dissyllabic); v. 63.
FOLLOWS, follows as a logical conclusion; ii. 8.
FOND, foolish; v. 133.
FUSTIAN, a punning, perversion of 'Faustus'; xiv. 11, 48.
FUSTIAN (originally a coarse cotton cloth with a pile like velvet, hence metaphorically), jargon; iv. 83.

GAIN, 'to gain a deity,' *i.e.* to attain the magician's God-like power; i. 64.
GALEN, the famous physician, born at Pergamum in Mysia, 130 A.D.; i. 12.
GHOST, spirit; iii. 64.
GOD B' WI' YE, (A, B, 'God buy'), good-bye; xiv. 35.
GRAC'D, being adorned (Breymann, 'grac'd = 'graz'd,' *i.e.* 'having been grazed off'); Chor. 1. 16.
GRAMERCIES, many thanks; xix. 6.
GRATULATE, 'gratulate his safety,' *i.e.* congratulate him on his safety; Chor. viii. 319.
GRAVELL'D, puzzled; i. 114.
GROWN INTO, fallen into (some sickness); xix. 15.
GUILDERS, Dutch florins; iv. 36.

HAND, 'at any hand,' in any case; xiv. 26.
HEST, behest; iii. 6.
'HEY-DING-DING,' the refrain of a popular song (*v.* Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*; Percy's Folio, *Loose and Humorous Songs*); xiv. 33.
HEYPASS (A, 'hey, pass'), juggler; xiv. 62.
HIS (B, 'this'), its; i. 34.
HORSE-BREAD, horse-loaves, special kind of bread for feeding horses; ix. 37.
HORSE-COURSER, 'horse-scorser,' horse-dealer; xiv.

INSTITUTE, *i.e.* Justinian's *Institutes* (*Institutionum Libri*, iv.), *i.e.* the institutions or principles of law; i. 32.
IPPOCRAS (A, "ipocrase'), hippocras, 'a medicated drink composed of wine (usually red), with spices and sugar'; ix. 27.
ITERATING, repeating; v. 161.

JEROME'S BIBLE, the Latin translation of the Bible was for the most part the work of St. Jerome (392-402 A.D.); i. 38.
JUSTINIAN, allusion to the laws of Justinian, under whose reign (527-565) the civil jurisprudence was codified; i. 27.

KNAVE'S ACRE, Poultrey Street, inhabited by dealers in old bottles and the like; iv. 20.

LAKES, ditches; viii. 4.
LAUREAT, 'conjuror laureat' *i.e.* one who has graduated as conjuror with distinction; iii. 35.
LEVEL, aim; i. 4.
LICENTIATE, a person having the *licentia* to proceed to a Doctor's or Master's degree in due course; ii. 12.
LIMITED, fixed as a limit; xix. 160.
LOLLARDS, the followers of Wiclif, used contemptuously; viii. 177.
LOOK, 'look thee out' *i.e.* seek thee out; ix. 12.
LOPUS, an allusion to Roderigo Lopez, Elizabeth's Spanish physician, who was accused of plotting

to poison the Queen; and condemned to death, 1594 (Lopez very probably influenced Shakespeare's characterisation of Shylock); xiv. 49.

LUSTY (Q. 1609, 'little'; B, 'bushy'), pleasant; i. 152.

MADE, 'am I made man,' a made man; xiv. 31.

MAKES, make (preceded by a plural subject); v. 19.

MARCH-BEER, March-ale, 'a choice kind of ale made generally in the month of March, and not fit to be drunk till it was two years old'; vi. 157.

MARO, Vergil (an allusion to his construction of the great tunnel of Posilippo, near Naples. On the subject of Vergil in the Middle Ages, *cp.* Comparetti's treatise); viii. 13.

MARTLEMAS-BEEF, beef hung up in Martlemas, or Martinmass, the feast of St. Martin, the 'customary time for hanging up provisions to dry, which had been salted in the winter'; vi. 154.

MASSY, heavy with metal, metal-bearing; i. 148.

MATE, match (?) act as mate, or ally (or did Marlowe forget his Roman history, and use 'mate' in sense of 'confound'?); Chor. i. 2.

MEAT, food; i. 164.

METAPHYSICS, supernatural arts; i. 50.

METEMPSYCHOSIS (A, 'metemsucosis'), the transmigration of souls; Pythagoras of Samos was regarded as the author of the doctrine; xix. 162.

MOORS, dark-coloured peoples; i. 122.

MOTION, mention; xii. 41.

MUSÆUS (cp. *Vergil*, vi. 667); i. 117.

NECROMANCY (A, 'negromancy') *νεκρομαντεία*, *i.e.* 'the prophecy by the dead,' was represented in Mediæval Latin writers by '*nigromantia*,' *i.e.* 'the Black Art,' interpreted as '*divinatio facta per nigros*,' viz. the dead; Chor. i. 25.

OBJECT, 'object it not,' *i.e.* 'do not suggest the objection'; i. 136.

OENON, *i.e.* Oenone, whom Paris loved; vi. 27.

OF, out of; Chor. i. 20.

'O LENTE, LENTE,' etc., *i.e.* 'O, slowly, slowly run ye, horses of the night' (Ovid's *Amores*, i. 13, 40); xix. 131.

ὂν καὶ μὴ ὄν (A, 'Oncaymæon'; B, 'Oeconomy'; Bullen's emendation), 'being, and not being'; (if original reading be correct, the reference may be to Aristotle's alleged two books Οἰκονομικῶν); *cp.* also *Politics*, Bk. i.; i. 12.

ON 'T, of it; ii. 15.

ORIENT, bright-shining; i. 84.

OSTRY, inn, lodging; xiv. 88.

OTHERWAYS (B, 'otherwise'), otherwise; xvii. 22.

OVID'S FLEA, an allusion to the Mediæval *De Pulice*, attributed to Ovid; vi. 114.

PARAGON, model, pattern; xvii. 35.

PARMA, 'the Prince of Parma,' *i.e.* Alexander Farnese, governor-general of the Netherlands from 1579 till his death in 1592; to him was due the establishment of the power of Spain in Flanders; Faustus refers to the Netherlands as part of 'our land,' *i.e.* the Empire; i. 94.

PASSETH, surpasseth; xvii. 33.

PASSIONATE, agitated, excited; iii. 87.

PASSIONS, agitation; xiv. 45.

PER ACCIDENS (A, B, 'accident'), by some external element, and not due to its own efficiency; iii. 49.
PICKADEVAUNTS (i.e. *pic à-devant*), beards cut to a point; iv. 3.
PITCHY, dark as pitch; iii. 4.
PLACKETS, petticoats; iv. 74.
PLOT, garden-plot, garden; Chor. i. 16.
PRECISIAN, Puritan; ii. 28.
PRE-EMINENCE, 'the world's pre-eminence,' *i.e.* the pre-eminent men of the world; xii. 38.
PRESENTS, letter; v. 104.
PRIMUM MOBILE, a sphere which revolved in twenty-four hours from east to west, carrying with it the planets and fixed stars; vii. 49.
PRINCIPLES, rudiments; i. 141.
PROFESS, be a 'professor' of; i. 2.
PROFITS, makes progress; Chor. i. 15.
PURSU'D, prosecuted; xvii. 31.

QUESTION WITH, put questions to; v. 115.
QUIDDITY, quantity, quality; i. 165.
QUIET, restful, fixed; i. 57.
'QUI MIHI DISCIPULUS?' the first words of W. Lily's *Ad discipulos carmen de moribus*:—'*Qui mihi discipulus, pace, es, cupis atque doceri, Huc ades*,' etc. (Dyce); iv. 17.
'QUIN RÉGIS MEPHISTOPHILIS,' etc., *i.e.* 'for indeed thou hast dominion in the image of thy brother Mephistophiles' (cp. *Genesis*, i. 26); iii. 37.

RACK, torture, distort; iii. 50.
RESOLVE, satisfy, explain; i. 81.
RHODES, Roda, in the Duchy of Saxe-Altenburg, near Weimar; Chor. i. 12.
RICHES (probably accented on the last syllable = richèsse); xii. 32.
ROARING, 'a roaring piece of work,' used as a slang term in the sense of 'magnificent,' 'colossal'; ix. 15.
RUTTERS, horsemen; i. 126.

SABA, the Queen of Sheba; v. 158.
SCENES, (?) devices (perhaps 'schemes,' *i.e.* 'diagrams,' should be read); i. 52.
SCHISMATIC, one creating or belonging to a schism; viii. 144.
SCHOLARISM, scholarship (Greene, in his *Groatsworth of Wit*, sneered at those 'who set the end of scholarism in an Eight blank-verse'); Chor. i. 16.
SCHOOLS, 'the public schools' *i.e.* the University class-rooms; i. 91.
SCOUR, chastise (a slang term); x. 23.
SEEN, 'well seen,' *i.e.* highly reputed; i. 140.
SELF, 'one self place,' *i.e.* one and the same place; v. 122.
SEMELE; in answer to her prayer, Jupiter appeared to her in all his glory; she perished in the fire of his effulgence; xvii. 114.
SENNET, a particular set of notes on the trumpet or cornet to mark the entry or exit of a royal or semi-royal procession; viii. 203.
SHADOWING, shadowing forth; i. 129.
SHADOWS (B, 'shadow'), spirits, shades; i. 119.
SHOW, pageant; v. 83.
SIGNS, signs of the Zodiac; iii. 12.
'SINT MIHI DEI ACHERONTIS PROPITII,' etc., *i.e.* 'May the Gods of Acheron (the infernal regions) be propitious to me! May the three-fold deity of Jehovah prevail. Spirits of fire, air, water, and earth, hail! Belzebub prince of

the East, monarch of burning hell, and Demogorgon, we propitiate you, that Mephistophiles may appear and arise. . . . Why dost thou tarry? By Jehovah, Gehenna, and the consecrated water which I now pour, and by the sign of the cross which I now make, and by our prayers, may Mephistophiles whom we have summoned now arise!'; iii. 16-25.

'SI PECCASSE NEGAMUS,' etc., *i.e.* 'If we say that we have no sin,' etc., 1 Epistle of St. John, i. 8; i. 42.

'SITU ET TEMPORE,' *i.e.* 'as to the direction of, and the time occupied by, their revolutions'; vi. 45, 46.

'SI UNA EADEMQUE,' etc., *i.e.* 'If one and the same thing is left by will to two persons, one shall (take) the thing, and the other the value of the thing,' etc.; i. 29.

SLICK, sleek; xiv. 34.

SLOP, 'round slop,' trunk-hose; iv. 56.

SNIPPER-SNAPPER, contemptible little serving-man; xiv. 61.

So, provided that; iii. 95.

SO-HO, the sportsman's cry on finding the hare; xiv. 78.

'SOLAMEN MISERIS,' etc., *i.e.* 'It is a comfort to the wretched to have had companions in woe'; a common proverb, derived possibly from a passage in Seneca's *De Consolatione ad Polybium*, xii. 2 (Wagner); v. 42.

SOMEWHAT, something; v. 82.

SO THAT, provided that; xix. 152.

SPECULATION, studious contemplation; iii. 117.

STAND UPON 'T, insist upon it; ii. 22.

STATE, majesty, power; Chor. i. 4.

STAVES, long pikes; i. 126.

STAVES-ACRE, a kind of larkspur, supposed to be efficacious in destroying vermin; iv. 19.

STAVING, standing still; v. 64.

STILL, ever; xix. 168.

'STIPENDIUM PECCATI MORS EST,' *i.e.* 'the wages of sin is death,' Romans vi. 23; i. 39.

STRAIGHT FORTH, in straight lines; viii. 11.

SUBJECTS (B, 'spirits'), bodily forms; i. 121.

'SUMMUM BONUM MEDICINÆ SANITAS,' *i.e.* 'the supreme good of medicine is health' (*cp.* Aristotle's *Eth. Nic.*; *vide* Ward, p. 131); i. 16.

SURFEIT, excess; xix. 19.

SWOONS, zounds; iv. 2.

'TERMINAT HORA DIEM,' etc., motto at the end of the play; found also at the end of the anonymous *Distracted Emperor*.

TERMININE, terminus; vi. 42.

THEBES, 'he that built the walls of Thebes,' *i.e.* Amphion; vi. 28.

THEREFORE, for it; i. 167.

THESE, *i.e.* 'the'; i. 78.

THRASIMENE (A, 'Thracimene'), 'the fields of Thrasimene,' alluding to the battle of the *lacus Trasumennus*, where Hannibal defeated the Romans, 217 B.C. The reference is evidently to a lost play; Chor. i. 1.

THREATS, threatens; viii. 18.

THOROUGH, through; iii. 109.

TIRE (A, 'trie'), fatigue, weary; i. 64.

T' ONE, the one; x. 20.

TOOK, 'took me,' struck me; viii. 307.

TOPLESS, not overtopped; xvii. 99.

TRASH, rubbish, dross; i. 35.

TRIAL, 'in trial,' *i.e.* 'by way of testimony'; viii. 329.

TRIER, the German form of Treves (in the English rendering of the *Faustbuch* 'Trent'); viii. 2.

TRUTH, 'a matter of truth,' a matter affecting one's credit for honesty; x. 19.

'UBI DESINIT PHILOSOPHUS,' etc., 'where the philosopher (*i.e.* 'the natural philosopher') leaves off, there the physician begins' (*cp.* Aristotle, *De Sensu et sensibili*; *vide* Ward, p. 131); i. 13.

UNFEIGNED, unfeigning; xvii. 74.

UNTO, into; xix. 165.

VIRTUE, power; iii. 30.

'WAXEN WINGS,' alluding to the story of Icarus; Chor. i. 21.

WELKIN, sky; iii. 4.

WHEREAS, where; Chor. i. 14.

WHIPPINCRUST, a kind of drink; vii. 36.

NOTES

CHORUS I. 6. *vaunt*, so B; A, *daunt.*

CHORUS I. 9. *appeal for plaud*: A, B, *our*; Breymann, *for.*

CHORUS I. 14. *Wittenberg*, so B, the familiar form; A, *Werlenberg.*

CHORUS I. 18. *disputes delight*; Koeppel's emendation of *delight disputes*, the reading of the Quartos.

CHORUS I. 24. *now*, so B; A, *more.*

i. 12. '*ὃν καὶ μὴ ὄν*,' *v.* Glossary.

i. 12. *Galen come*, so A, B; Dyce, *and Galen come.*

i. 19. *found aphorisms*: A, *sound*; the line is omitted in B.

i. 24. *couldst*, so B; A, *wouldst.*

i. 24. *man*; A, *men.*

i. 28. *legatur*; A, B, *legatus.*

i. 30. *pretty*; B, *petty.*

i. 33. *law*; A, *church.*

i. 34. *his*, so A; B, *this.*

i. 35. *servile and illiberal*, so B; A, *the devil and illiberal.*

i. 62. *tire*, so B; A, *trie* (*i.e.* 'try').

i. 76. *treasure*, so B; A, *treasury.*

i. 91. *silk*; A, B, *skill*, Dyce's emendation.

i. 93. *our provinces*; B, *the.*

i. 104-6. These lines, probably corrupt, are omitted in B.

i. 123. *subjects, i.e.* 'bodily forms taken by the spirits ; B, *spirits.*

i. 130. *than have the*; B, *than has the*; A, *than in their.*

i. 131. *From*, so B ; A, *For.*

i. 140. *in*, so B ; omitted in A.

i. 152. *lusty* ; *v.* Glossary.

ii. 34-41. The corresponding lines in B are in verse, somewhat heightened.

iii. 1-4. These lines are repeated in the first scene of the old play *The Taming of a Shrew* (1594) ; similarly the opening lines of the next Scene are found in the same old play.

iii. 17. *ignis, aeris, aquæ, terræ* ; A, *ignei, aerii aquatani*; Schröer's emendation ; so too Line 21, *quid tu moraris* for *quid tumeraris* of Quartos. B inserts *Dragon* after *Mephistopholis.*

iii. 24. *dicatus* ; A, B, *dicatis.*

iii. 35-37. Omitted in B.

iii. 35. *Now* ; Albers' emendation of *No*, the reading of A.

iii. 47. *came hither*, so B ; A, *came now hither.*

iii. 56. *the Trinity* ; B, *all godliness.*

iii. 91. *these*, so B ; A, *those.*

iii. 113. *country*, so B ; A, *land.*

iv. In B this Scene is given with considerable though unimportant omissions.

iv. 34. *their meat*, so B ; A, *my meat.*

v. 9. Omitted in B.

v. 15. In B the 'Evil Angel' begins with these words :—

Go forward, Faustus, in that famous Art.

v. 21. *Of wealth*, so B ; A, *wealth.*

v. 31. *he lives*, so B ; A, *I live.*

v. 43. *Why*, so B ; omitted in A ; *tortures*, so A ; B, *torture.*

v. 49. *Then, Faustus, stab*, so B ; A, *Then stab.*

v. 78. *me*, so B ; A, *thee.*

v. 88. B omits this line; two consecutive rhyming couplets resulting: the Quartos of 1624, 1631, omit *this scroll.*

v. 123. *there*, so B; omitted in A.

v. 126. *that is not*, so A, B.

v. 128. *So, till*, so B; A, *so still, till.*

v. 143-151. These lines are slightly varied in B.

v. 149. *me*, omitted in A.

v. 153. *no*, omitted, A; B, *And if thou lovest me, think no more of it.*

v. 163. B reads: *Brings thunder, whirlwind, storm and lightning* (*lightning* must be read as a trisyllable).

v. 165. *armour*; B, *harness.*

v. 167-9. B substitutes these words:—

Thanks, Mephistopholis, for this sweet book,
This will I keep as chary as my life.

The remaining lines of the Scene are omitted. A, new Scene follows. '*Enter* Wagner, *solus*'; he speaks the passage belonging to the Chorus, '*Learned Faustus*,' etc. (*v.* vii. Lines 40-64). It is noteworthy that these lines are identical with the short version of the Chorus found in A; the amplified form of the passage s found in its proper place after the interpolated scene between Robin and Dick.

vi. 5-9. B reads as follows:—

MEPH. *'Twas thine own seeking, Faustus; thank thyself.*
But think'st thou Heaven is such a glorious thing
I tell thee, Faustus, it is not half so fair
As thou or any man that breathes on earth.
FAUST. *How prov'st thou that?*
MEPH. *'Twas made for man; then he's more excellent.*

vi. 20-21. Omitted in B.

vi. 22. B, *Swords, poisons, halters,* etc.

vi. 38-40. B reads :—

As are the elements, such are the heavens.
E'en from the moon unto the empyreal orb
Mutually folded in each other's spheres.

vi. 62. B adds :—

FAUST. *But is there not* cœlum igneum et crystallinum ?
MEPH. *No, Faustus, they are but fables.*
FAUST. *Resolve me then,* etc.

vi. 70. B :—*Move me not, Faustus.*

vi. 74. In A, B, this line is assigned to Faustus ; the change is due to Wagner's conjecture.

vi. 83. B :—*My Saviour, my Saviour.*

vi. 90. *Away,* omitted in B.

vi. 90-94. In A these lines are spoken continuously by Lucifer.

vi. 97-99. Omitted in B.

vi. 174. All the old editions, *lechery* ; the reading has been supported by some of the most distinguished of modern editors, but the play upon *L* and *Hell* and *ell* makes the change irresistible.

vi. 175. B :—*Away to hell, away. On, piper.* [*Exeunt the 7 sins.*]
FAUST. *O how this sight doth delight my soul.*

vii. This Scene is in nowise represented in A. The Chorus, in its unexpanded form, follows in A the last line of Scene vi.,

Farewell, great Lucifer, Come, Mephistopholis.

viii. 25-27. B :—

I have, my Faustus, and for proof thereof,
This is the goodly palace of the Pope :
And cause we are no common,
I choose his privy-chamber for our use.

viii. 30. B reads :—*All's one, for we'll be bold with his venison.*

viii. 35-36. These two lines, not found in A, and borrowed from B, are accidentally in roman: they should be in italic type.

viii. 37. *four*, so A; B, *two*.

viii. 41-43. B reads:—

Where thou shalt see such store of ordinance
As that the double cannons, forg'd of brass,
Do match the number of the days contain'd
Within the compass of one complete year.

viii. 47. *of*, omitted A.

viii. 53-260. These lines are peculiar to B: with the exception of the first six or eight lines, they are not represented in A; the remaining portion of the scene has suffered considerable change: the Chorus is not found in B.

The substitution of B for A has involved the sacrifice of two characteristic lines after Line 53:—

Where thou shalt see a troop of bald-pate friars
Whose summum bonum *is in belly-cheer.*

viii. 260. A reads:—*My Lord of Lorrain, wilt please you draw near?* The stage-direction in A preceding this episode is as follows:—

Sound a Sonnet. Enter the Pope and the Cardinal of Lorrain to the banquet, with Friars attending.

viii. 270. *The Cardinal of Florence*, so A; B, *a Cardinal in France.*

ix. This Scene is omitted in B.

x. Dyce suggested that a Scene is wanting between ix. and x. There are many unimportant verbal differences in the Quarto versions of the Scene; Lines 1-31 appear in quite a different recension in B, which omits Lines 32-38, and varies the remaining portion of the Scene: perhaps the only lines of value peculiar to this version are the lines at the end of the Scene, *Now with the flames*, etc.

x. 39. A inserts before *Monarch of Hell*, etc., the following words, which are obviously unnecessary, and are rightly not represented in B: *Vanish Villains, th' one like an ape, another a bear, the third an ass, for doing this enterprise.*

xi. The Scene is not represented in A.

xii. This Scene (as printed in the present edition) mainly follows Quarto B, with the important exception of the Emperor's speech, *Then doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say*, and the other passages printed in roman type. Lines 88-98 are not represented in A at all; so, too, Lines 113-122: in other respects the two versions represent different recensions. Lines 1-23 read as follows in A:— EMP. *Master Doctor Faustus, I have heard strange report of thy knowledge in the black art, how that none in my empire nor in the whole world can compare with thee for the rare effects of magic: they say thou hast a familiar spirit, by whom thou canst accomplish what thou list. This, therefore, is my request, that thou let me see some proof of thy skill, that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirm what mine ears have heard reported; and here I swear to thee, by the honour of mine imperial crown, that, whatever thou doest, that shall be no ways prejudiced or endamaged.* KNIGHT. *I' faith, he looks much like a conjuror.* [Aside.] FAUSTUS. *My gracious sovereign, though I must confess myself far inferior to the report men have published, and nothing answerable to the honour of your imperial majesty, yet, for that love and duty binds me hereunto, I am content to do whatsoever your majesty shall command me.*

xii.[a]-xiii. These Scenes (which might best be described as xii.[a], xii.[b], as Breymann prints them) are peculiar to B. These additions are from Chapter 35 of the *Faustbuch*.

xiv. Quartos A and B vary considerably in this Scene, B being much condensed: it omits *inter alia* the opening six lines; the reference to 'Doctor Lopus'; and a considerable portion of Lines 48-90.

xv. This Scene is only found in B.

xvi. After Line 39 A reads :—

DUKE. *Come, madam, let us in, where you must well reward this learned man for the great kindness he hath showed to you.*

DUCHESS. *And so I will, my lord; and, whilst I live, rest beholding for his courtesy.*

FAUST. *I humbly thank your grace.*

DUKE. *Come, Master Doctor, follow us and receive your reward.* And so the Scene ends: the expansion is peculiar to B. The earlier part of the Scene has also a few verbal discrepancies.

xvii. The most important difference between the two versions in this Scene is to be found in the speech of the 'Old Man,' Lines 36-52. The passage in A corresponding to the passage printed in the text from B, runs as follows :—

Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail
To guide thy steps unto the way of life,
By which sweet path thou may'st attain the goal
That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!
Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,
Tears falling from repentant heaviness
Of thy most vild and loathsome filthiness,
The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul
With such flagitious crimes of heinous sins
As no commiseration may expel
But Mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour sweet,
Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.

In text B the opening lines of the Scene are in prose; Line 35 is omitted; and Lines 118-126 are not found.

xviii. 56. Omitted in B.

xviii. 57. B :—*Hell claims his right.*

xviii. 58. *almost*, so B; omitted in A.

xviii. 65. B:—*Ah, my sweet friend, I feel.*

xviii. 68-69. B:—

I go, sweet Faustus; but with heavy cheer,
Tearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul.

xviii. 70. B:—

Accursed Faustus, wretch, what hast thou done?

xviii. 76. In B the following line precedes *sweet Mephistopholis*:—

I do repent I ere offended him.

xviii. 83. *that base and crooked age*, so A; B, *that base and aged man.*

xviii. 97. the stage-direction, *passing*, etc., is from B.

xviii. 98-99. *cp. Troilus and Cressida*, II. ii.:—

Why she is a pearl
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships.

xviii. 102. *suck*, so B; A, *suckes.*

xviii. 103. *is*, so B; A, *be.*

xviii. 104. According to A, the 'Old Man' re-enters here.

xviii. 116. *asur'd*, so A; B, *azure.*

xviii. 124. *smile*; A, *smiles.*

xviii. 125. *laugh*; A, *laughs.*

xviii.-xx. The italic passages in these Scenes are peculiar to B; the parts printed in roman type show very few discrepancies.

xix. 60. *to save Faustus*, so B; A, *to Faustus.*

xix. 134. *to God*, so A; B, *to Heaven.*

xix. 135. omitted in B.

xix. 136-7. B reads:—

One drop of blood will save me: O my Christ!
Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ.

xix. 142. *God*, so A; B, *Heaven.*

xix. 143. *No, no!* so A; B, *No!*

xix. 145. *Earth, gape*, so A; B, *gape, earth.*

xix. 149. *clouds*, Dyce's suggestion for *cloud*, A, B; the same scholar proposed to read:—

That when they vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from their smoky mouths.

xix. 152. B:—

But let my soul mount, and ascend to heaven.

xix. 154. B:—

O if my soul must suffer for my sin, Impose some end, etc.

xix. 176. *My God, my God*, so A; B, *O mercy, heavens!*

xx. This Scene, not found in A, may have belonged to the play as originally performed. The corresponding passage in the prose History tells how '*the students could not compose themselves to sleep, and lay awake, listening and fearful; and presently, the hall door flying open, he was heard to cry in a smothered voice, Murther! murther! and all was still. But when, at daylight, the students went back into the hall, they found not Faustus, but his shattered and bloody remains*,' etc. The *Ballad of Doctor Faustus* seems to echo the words of the Chorus, in its final exhortation:—

'*You conjurors and damned witches all,*
Example take by my unhappy fall,
Give not your souls and bodies unto hell,
See that the smallest hair you do not sell,
But hope that Christ his kingdom you may gain,
Where you shall never fear such mortal pain,
Forsake the devil and all his crafty ways,
Embrace true faith that never more decays.'

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